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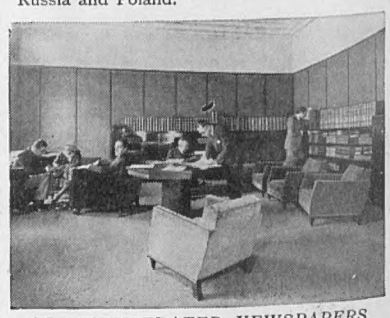

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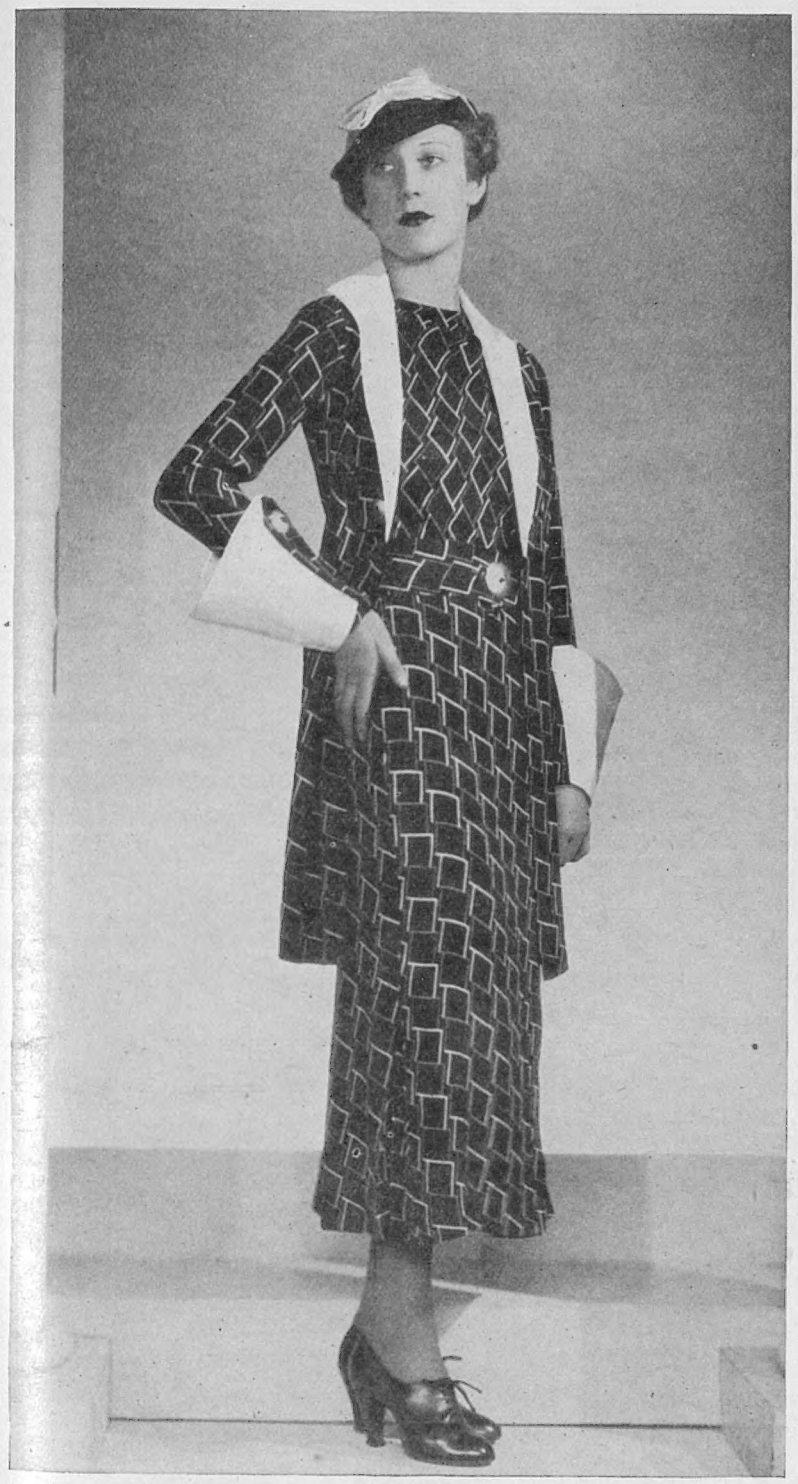

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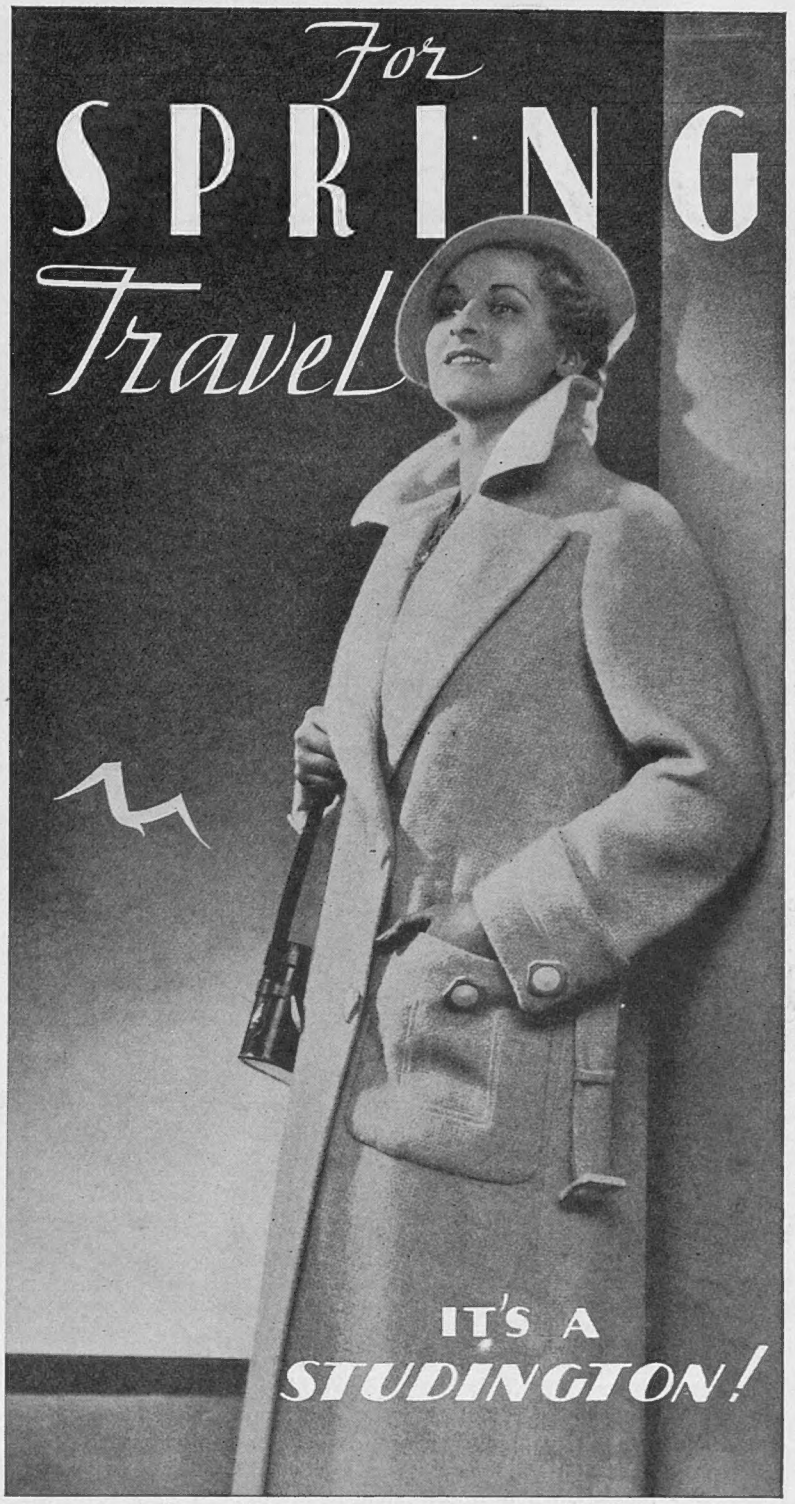

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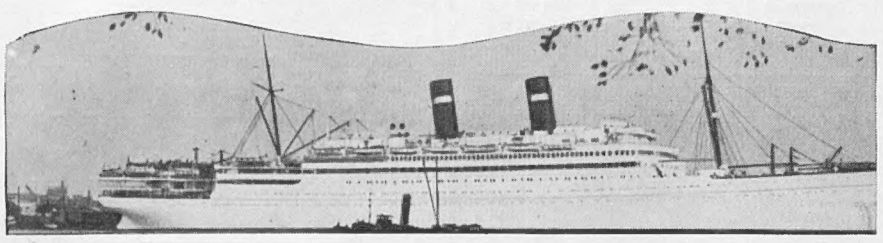

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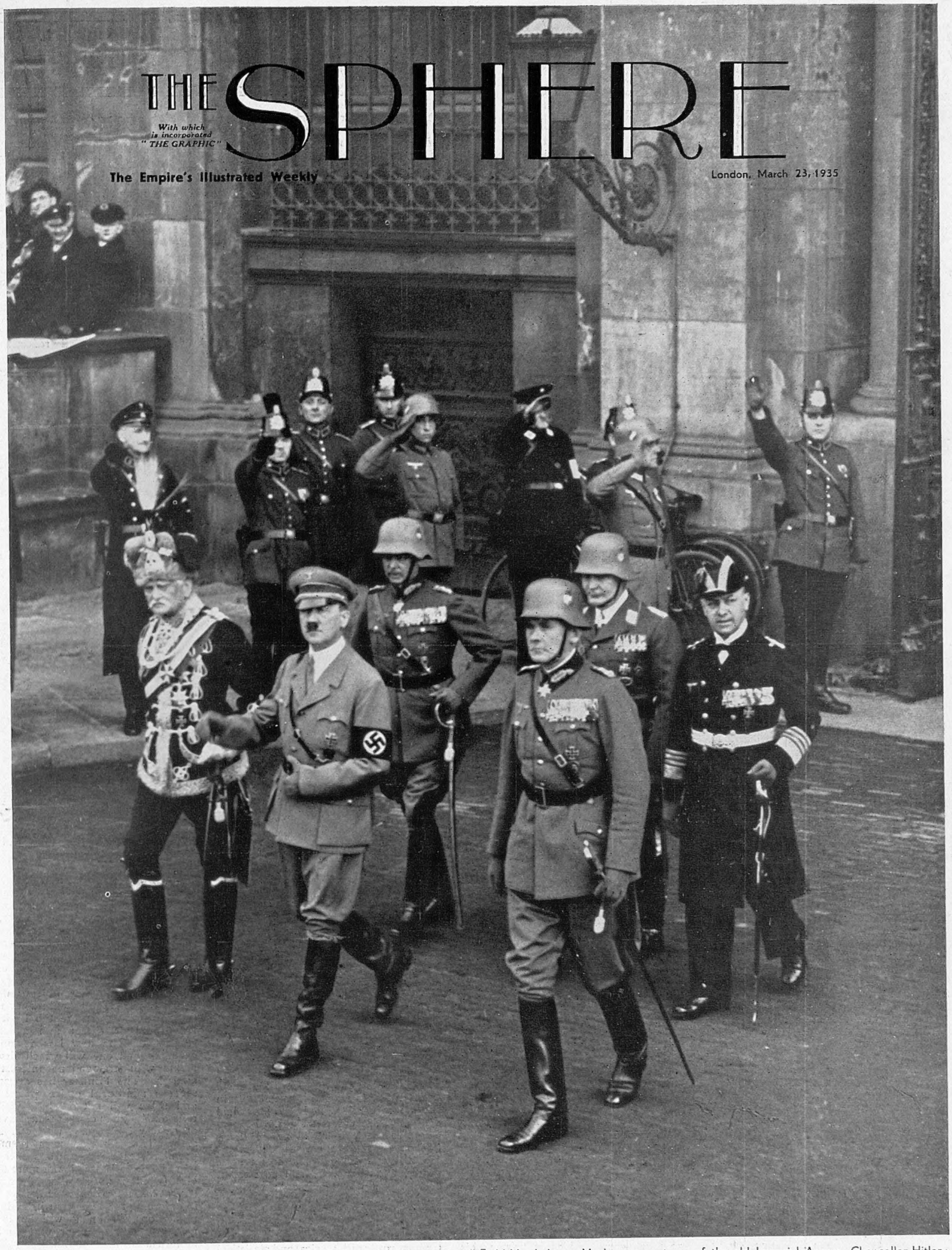

Germany Returns to Conscription

And Thus Repudiates the Military Clauses of the Versailles Treaty

Field-Marshal von Mackensen, veteran of the old Imperial Army; Chancellor Hitler; and General von Blomberg, Defence Minister; followed by General von Fritsch, Inspector-General of the Reichswehr; General Göring, Air Minister; and Admiral Raeder, Commander-in-Chief of the Navy, as they left the Opera House, Berlin, after attending the ceremony held there last Sunday on the annual "Day for the Commemoration of the Heroes of the Great War." The celebrations throughout the country were marked by more than usual fervour, and in Berlin the wildest enthusiasm prevailed, for only the evening before the Cabinet had announced with dramatic suddenness the new law ordaining compulsory military service and an increase in the strength of the army from 100,000 to 600,000 men—thus repudiating vital clauses in the Treaty of Versailles and setting in motion once again the military machine that Frederick William I of Prussia created with such zeal during the early years of the eighteenth century. This measure is said to be Germany's reply to the decision of France to extend the period of army service, and is claimed by the Nazi Government to be entirely in the interests of self-defence. None the less, it has aroused the deepest concern in Europe, and has clearly jeopardized the chances of further collaboration between the signatories to the Locarno Treaty

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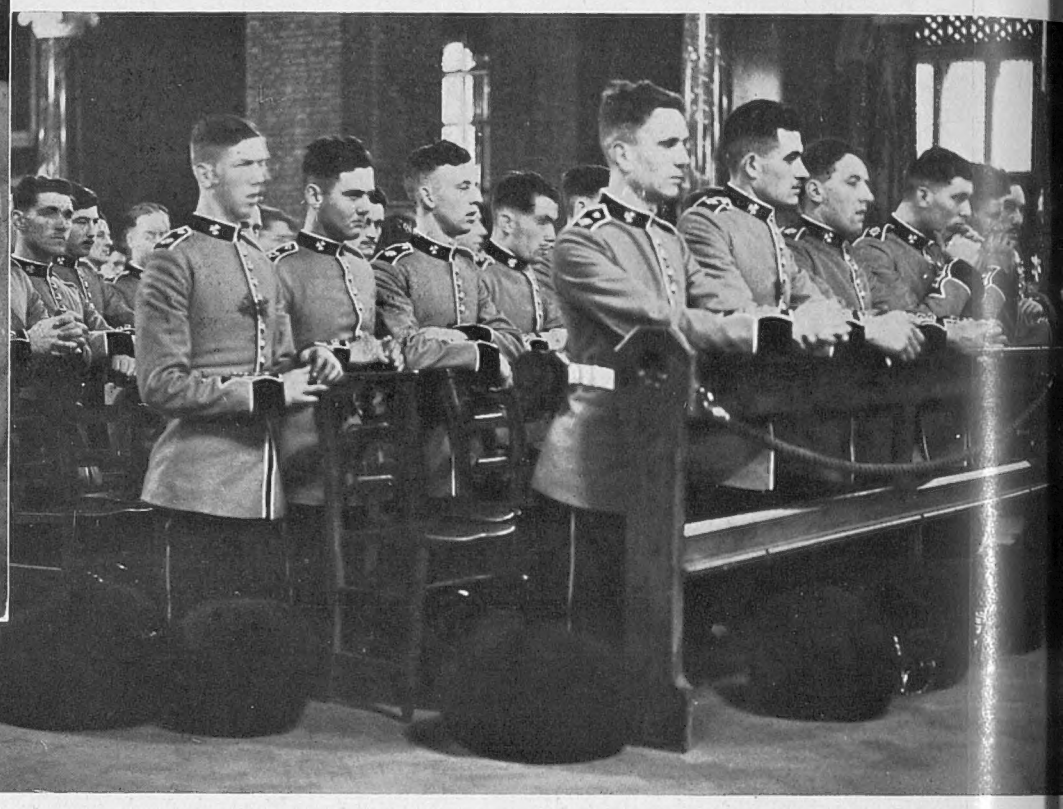
THE DUCHESS OF YORK AT A CHARITY MATINEE: Her Royal Highness arriving at the London Hippodrome for the performance held last week in aid of the Ladies' Guild of the Royal Medical Benevolent Fund. It was announced during the interval that the sale of tickets, etc. had realized nearly £1,300

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, March 20, 1935.

IN THE OPEN.—The state of Europe is so bad that a bombshell or two more does not appear greatly to increase the desolation of our post-War temple of ideals of peace and good-will. The roof fell in some time ago. Hitler amid national applause (for memory is short) has reinduced conscription, is instantly to increase the Reichswehr to half a million men, and has at last openly and completely repudiated the military restrictive clauses of the Versailles Treaty. Is the position after this "bombshell" very different, for the world, for Europe, or for protagonists in political party dog-fights in individual countries? Germany is not solely to blame. Unquestionably, if by force of circumstances she kept those military clauses at first, while other nations did not respond to moral obligations, Hitler's last week's pronouncement merely proclaims a *fait accompli*. That he did it when he did (on the eve of the Berlin talks) is easily accounted for. No more golden opportunity for covering a bitter pill (for Europe) in a sugar coating of justification could have been offered than the publication of the French military provisions and the British White Paper. The golden moment was observed by Hitler and he swooped down from his eyrie and clutched it. Does it turn the Austrian house-painter into a Peter-the-Painter of civilization? No, I don't think it much alters the *status quo*. What are the reactions of the affair in our own little party dog-fight? Opponents of National Government are quick to pin another black spot on the Government and its famous White Paper. But, clearing our minds of cant and factional propaganda, could any circumstances in British politics in the past four years have arrested the inexorable return to barbarism of Europe? If Sir Herbert Samuel, that smug critic, had held the reins of office? If wise and clear-cut Cripps, or sentimental old man Lansbury? If Sir John Simon had stuck to the Bar and left diplomacy to diplomats? Could any Englishman, even a super-man, have diverted France one hair's-breadth from her inflexible track of obsession, or secured for Germany those modifications of that Treaty between the Blind and the Bound by which alone she might have employed gentler methods to attain to equality? I do not think so. Britain sits, like a spectator in a wild-beast arena, watching a battle of tigers mad with privation or fear, and nothing she can do with her umbrella will deter the beasts from flying at each other's throats. Nothing but that long-dreamed-of understanding between Britain and America to dictate peace to Europe (which failing, then to abandon Europe to her fate) can now avail. But America is busy over domestic matters of tremendous domestic importance. And, when she is all dressed up again, there may be "no place to go."

THE LESSON WE MUST LEARN.—What is the lesson which we must learn at long last from this hideous tangle in Europe? The lesson is that everyone who speaks the English language as his native tongue must contrive to speak not only in one tongue but with one voice. An English-speaking Union must be achieved that will produce a voice which the Babel of Europe will listen to, a union not for commercial ends but for the salvation of civilization. What could not the British Empire and America, resolutely determined and in close alliance, not achieve by united action at this juncture? And the same lesson is as clearly to be learned in the microcosm of British politics. If this is not a time for National Government, if this is not the moment to call off the dog-fight, that moment never struck nor will strike. The politician who to-day seeks and dares to make party capital out of Germany's latest bombshell is a traitor to his country. If Britain fails to think and to act nationally in the next five years she will be caught up in the maelstrom of Europe. The National Government we have needs present and needs constant recruitment of the best brains in the old parties. Those who are worn out must go; those who are rested and vigorous must replace them. National Government, a common purpose and understanding, are more vitally needed to-day than ever in our history.



CELEBRATING ST. PATRICK'S DAY: Men of the Irish Guards attending mass at Westminster Cathedral after parading at Wellington Barracks. Officers and men wore sprigs of shamrock in honour of the occasion

LORD MANSFIELD.—The sixth Earl of Mansfield died suddenly last week at the comparatively early age of seventy. The Mansfield earldom (or earldoms, to be accurate) was conferred upon the famous Lord Chief Justice who was a younger son of Viscount Stormont. He died in 1793. The sixth Earl inherited from his brother—his father never succeeded, and died as Lord Stormont—the titles and two great palaces, Scone and Ken Wood, both rich in memories. But during his life Ken Wood was disposed of and has become a public park and gallery, and Scone was left empty. Lord Mansfield went to live in a small house almost in the centre of Perth. Lady Mansfield died in 1933, and latterly Lord Mansfield lived very much alone. But his intellectual resources were enormous. He had a memory of almost unique power, and this wonderful possession, co-operating with an intense curiosity for knowledge of all kinds and a great power of application, made of his mind a living encyclopædia. He was as well informed in the by-ways as in the trodden roads of historical and statistical facts, and at any hour of the day his wealth of accurate knowledge would be placed at the disposal of his friends, with charming humility and tact. His accuracy was amazing; no subject was too obscure or small to escape the trawling-net of his curiosity. He had been working last autumn to memorise the statistical details (tonnage, etc.) of the United States Navy and could give the precise figures out of hand of every war vessel in the American fleet. But he was equally omniscient concerning (for example) the family histories of the Whig families of Reform Bill days. To me it is a matter of personal regret that that living encyclopædia, whose pages were so charmingly, so courteously, so sympathetically, so humorously, and so humbly displayed, should perish in an age as superficial, as trivial, as ignorant, and as cocksure as ours. I shall never cease to be glad that I had a chance to converse with him and to enjoy the harvest of his life-long activity of mind. I contemplate the careers and reputations of public men and statesmen of our age, lauded to the skies and perpetually in the limelight; and I wonder whether perhaps the late Lord Mansfield did not after all employ his talents more usefully, less dangerously, than most of them—conservative, unadvertised, unassuming, and quietly reflective.

A SPEED LIMIT AGAIN.—If it is not an experiment worth making, this speed limit for built-up areas, then indeed humanity has no humanity, and regard for the sanctity of human life has ceased to be an attribute of civilized man. But the experiment, as an experiment, will be nothing but an expensive and tiresome futility unless effective measures are taken to make clear to the driver when and where the limit is in force, and to detect and apprehend offenders. The new law is now in existence and one will watch developments with tremendous interest and anxiety. The Minister has apparently secured additional police patrol cars, and these will not all be "visible a mile off." Plain clothes men, travelling at exactly 30 m.p.h., who can safely stop all cars which pass them, are promised, and police traps will once more be set. If this is not mere official bluff (which is not impossible), it means that at last the police are to take a hand in enforcing the important items in road regulations. Then it will be for the magistrates to do their part to bring motorists to regard the Road Traffic Act as something more than a bad joke. But the magistrates will not do that unless and until they are satisfied that adequate and uniform devices are everywhere in position giving the motorists clear indications of the stretches of road to which the speed limit applies.

A FEW MUST SUFFER FOR THE MANY.—Already it is clear that counties will differ widely in their interpretations. There is not much doubt that insufficient warning to the public of how to recognise these

stretches has been given and that many of the first apprehended offenders will have cause for complaint. But the experiment is long overdue; a certain amount of individual injustice is inevitable and will be a small price to pay for greater safety on the roads. The toll of life on the roads—that hideous blot on civilisation—has been largely due to an exaggerated respect for individual liberty of action. Liberty is an excellent ideal in an age of privilege. It is a hollow mockery under Democracy. That is a paradox we dare not utter in the world of shams in which we choose still to live. Everyone dislikes in theory and practice the idea of police traps (which we call "un-English," though we might equally well complain that a total disregard of the safety and rights of others on the road which characterises a section of the motoring public is "un-English" also). And everybody is entitled to view with anxiety "plain-clothes" police work which is open to abuses but has now become as necessary in road patrol work as in crime-detection. The criminals of the road—in a nutshell—have got to be taught a lesson and honest men must suffer for the long vacillation of Governments. There are welcome indications that at last Mr. Belisha's frenzied propaganda, if not yet his measures for greater safety, have actually impinged on the consciences of the worst type of drivers, that great and sinister leavening of the motoring lump which the motoring associations continue to treat as a trivial and quite unimportant element in a legion of white archangels. For the first time since the institution of the weekly "tell-tale tables" we have killed in seven days fewer than 100 of our brothers who for one reason or another interfered with our private time-tables. That is a notable event.

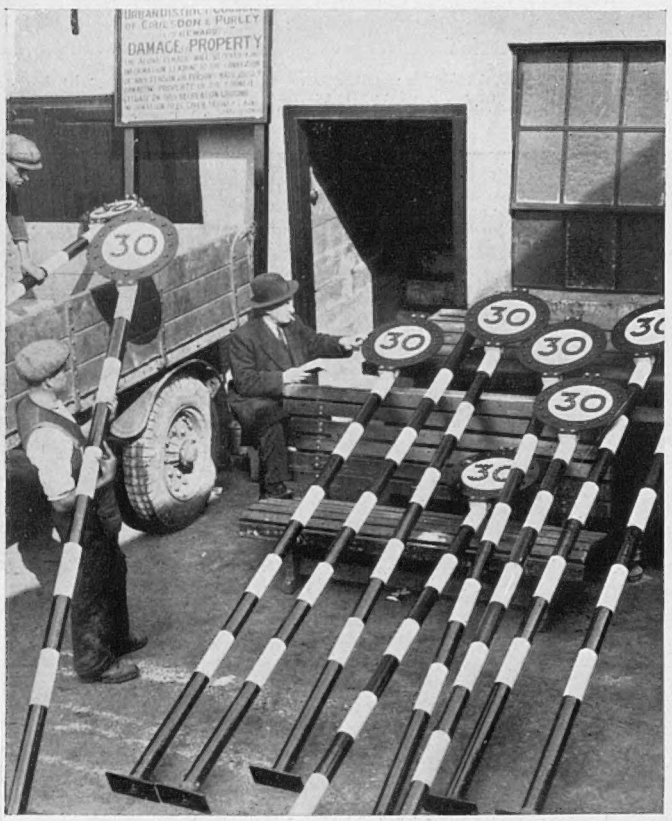
THE WHITE CITY.—London is being quickly transformed with hot steam and white paint into a dream city. The paint manufacturers must be rubbing their hands and studying the lists of grouse moors. For the truth about white paint is put in a nutshell—*one thing leads to another.* A newly-painted house serves as a beacon to reveal the shame of a dingy neighbour. When father says "paint," we all paint. That, mercifully, is cast-iron convention in most London squares and terraces, and it should be so in all. Imagine, if in Carlton Terrace—that dazzling processional drop-scene—it was a case of please yourself! That stately and comely façade would then resemble a row of neglected teeth. When the Athenæum has revealed once more its white, Italianate sides and shown its classic frieze picked out in ivory on a sky-blue background, then must the Travellers' and the Carlton look to their laurels and don their Jubilee finery, or at the worst send their winter garments to the wash. Already on a sunny spring morning London is a beautiful sight and can challenge comparison (with reservations) with Florence. And when in a week or so the spring flowers in the parks and window boxes emerge to join in the fun, all will be set for the main scene in the Jubilee pageant, a scene which will be rather marred by the stark tiers of wooden stands and hoardings. Apropos of which, I hope the authorities responsible for the Mall stands have not forgotten that even London plane trees put forth leaves and that leaves create a screen.

PITY THE CRITICS.—The style of some of our leading critics (especially in the field of drama and music) leads us plain ignorant men to assume that these arbiters of taste are supermen and omniscient. A generation or two ago it was the literary critic who was most sure of himself and proportionately brutal when brutality was demanded. It is therefore pleasant to find that there remain a few correctives to the grand manner in criticism. One or two artists always, one or two performances recently, have brought down the super-critic from his Olympus and left him hedging, obviously nervous, determined to be non-committal; in a word, as floundering and undecided as any amateur posed with his opinion on a work of art. Epstein is always one of these stumbling blocks. British criticism becomes a harlequinade round Epstein's blocks of masonry, and it is left to amateurs or professionals in other fields honestly to condemn or approve of his works. Robey's Falstaff is another instance. The critics waited, one on another, and only now are a few daring enough to announce that Robey is unfitted for the task set him, and that he is lost without his eyebrows. But literary criticism to-day is by far the weakest branch of that necessary and important guiding and correcting service. (What say you to the uncorrecting and uncritical glorification of *Appointment in Samarra*?) There are only left about a dozen of literary critics who are at once honest, sound, trained, and wholly removed from any suspicion of being influenced by some facet of the trade of literature. Dr. J. L. Hammond is certainly one of them, and I note that he had the courage to raise the question of Lord Birkenhead's claim to greatness and to suggest that in his career one achievement only lifted that career into history—his contribution to the Irish Treaty. This query is courageous because "F.E." was another man who mesmerised criticism.

NORWOOD JUSTIFIES MY PRAISE.—Mr. Findlay forfeited his deposit and takes his medicine like a good boy and I hope the prescription will benefit him and deter other greedy boys from similar indulgence. And Norwood proved that its electorate is not, as some other constituencies, largely made up of flapper worshippers of the film-hero type and of other zanies. Eight thousand fewer votes were cast than at the last General Election. Of these no doubt a great majority were lazy Conservatives or Nationals. Mr. Sandys' majority of 3,350 (against 23,600) looks a serious reduction at first blush. But it is fairer to estimate his "true" position at the head of the poll as nearer a 12,000 majority. For a bye-election at the end of a Government's life, the result shows Norwood solidly held for sanity, and justifies my belief that Norwood would castigate the gate-crashers and teach swollen-headed aspirants for a Parliamentary career that there is no primrose path to political power and place, and that it is very doubtful whether a "genius for governing" is anywhere an hereditable family heirloom. The National Government of late has suffered from bad luck and bad judgment. But it is the form of Government we must have, and will I hope regain the lost ground.

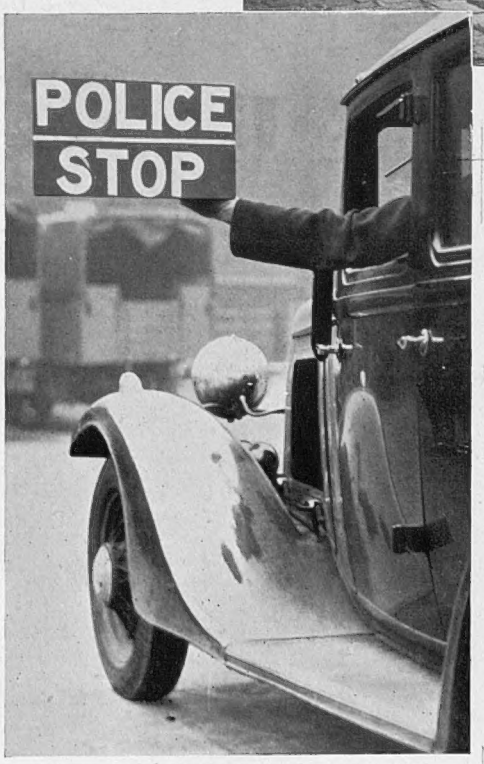
PERMANENT JUBILEE MEMORIALS.—The suggestion emanating from the Council for the Preservation of Rural England that local Jubilee celebration efforts should, where possible, take permanent form for the good of the local community, is sound, apt, and important. Naturally the C.P.R.E. envisages dedications of open spaces and nature reserves, and appeals to land-owners to co-operate with local authorities. If every urban authority in Britain could this year add a Jubilee open-space to its district, they would achieve a Jubilee memorial more lasting than bronze. I did not realize that as far back as the Victorian Jubilees the same proposals were made by the then existing societies, and were often implemented. I know, of course, that there are a few such Jubilee parks, but my usual reminders of earlier Jubilees are of hideous rows of villas dedicated to the public after the last vestiges of nature had been stamped out.

THE OLD STAGER



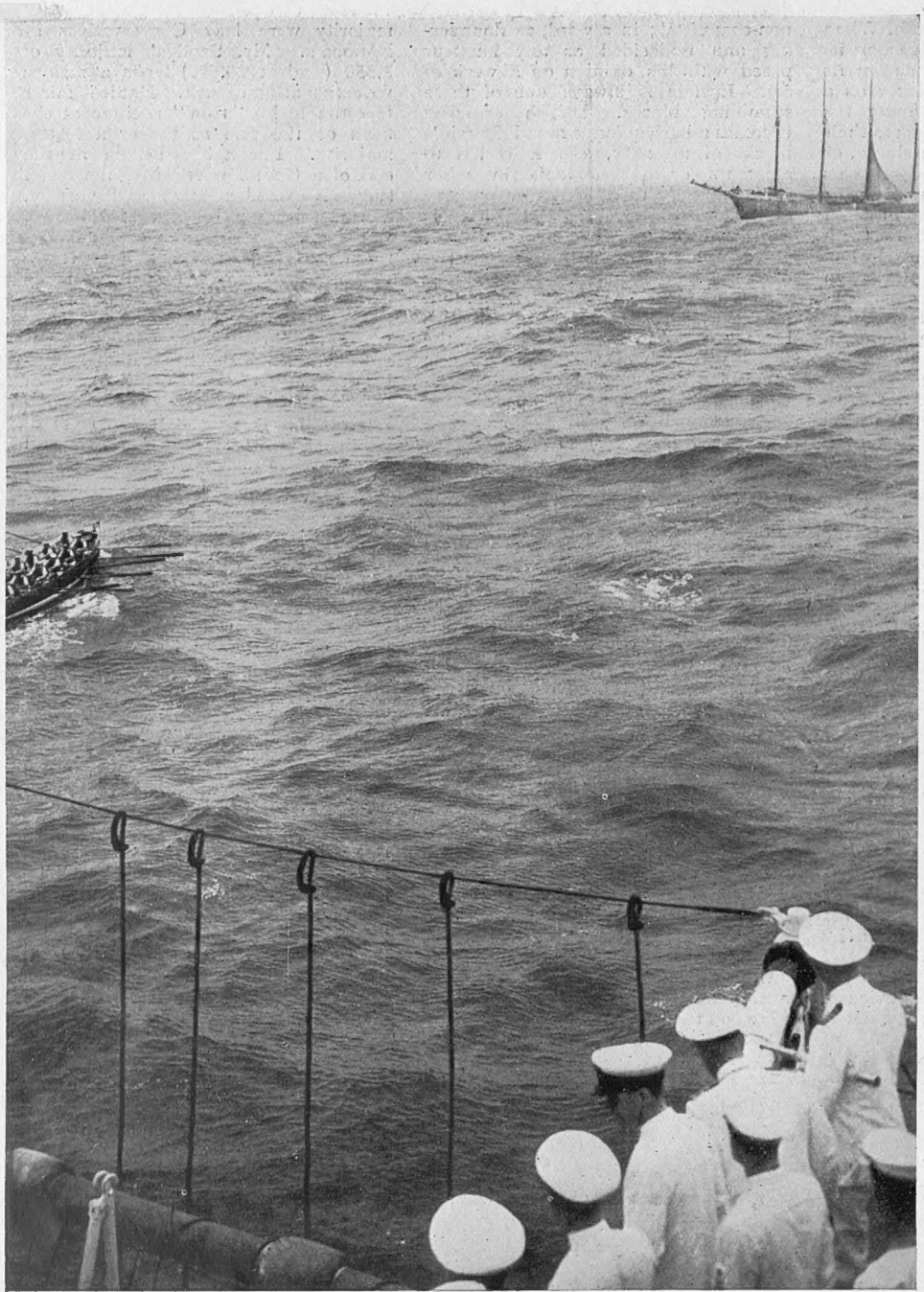
"BE WISE WITH SPEED: A FOOL AT FORTY IS A FOOL INDEED": Some of the new 30-m.p.h. speed-limit signs being loaded on to a lorry before being erected in built-up areas on the outskirts of London

"THE CHAIN GANG": How some Camden Town children treated the new railings put up to prevent pedestrians from leaving the pavement at dangerous points, and to guide them to the marked crossings



TWO ASPECTS OF THE 30 M.P.H. SPEED LIMIT REGULATIONS which came into force last Monday. *Left*—How policemen signal offenders to stop. *Right*—A notice which many motorists are placing on the rear windows of their cars

PASSING PAG



A RESCUE IN MID-PACIFIC: A boat from H.M.A.S. *Australia*, the vessel in which the Duke of Gloucester is on his way home from New Zealand, going to the aid of the *Seth Parker*—an American four-masted schooner which was disabled in a violent storm and wirelessed for help. Nine of the crew of fourteen were brought to safety

THE CENTRE OF ATTRACTION: Crowds of sightseers who came in their Daytona, Florida. In spite of the fact that the beach was not in good record speed he attained in 1933. Sir Malcolm

AN OUTING ON THE TIDEWAY: Members of the Oxford crew bringing in their boat after their first practice row at Putney, where they have now entered upon the last and vital stage of their training. They are beginning to settle down and, although to a certain extent lacking in rhythm, are said to be definitely faster than Cambridge and to show excellent form even at the end of a long and tiring row

EANT: A Pictorial Record of Events at Home and Abroad

ars to watch Sir Malcolm Campbell make an attempt to beat the land-speed record at ondition, the famous motorist actually achieved 276·8 m.p.h., about four miles faster than the hoping to succeed in travelling at the rate of five miles a minute

TO RACE IN FRANCE: Miss Doreen Evans, Miss Skinner, Miss M. Allan, Miss E. Ellison, Miss Joan Richmond, and Mrs. Hugh Eaton—the team of six British women who will drive the M.G. Midgets entered by Captain G. E. T. Eyston in the forthcoming Le Mans twenty-four hour race

TEST OF TEMPERAMENT: Horses of the Mounted Police facing waving flags and rattles at Imber Court, Surrey, where they are being trained for the work which they will have to carry out during the Silver Jubilee celebrations

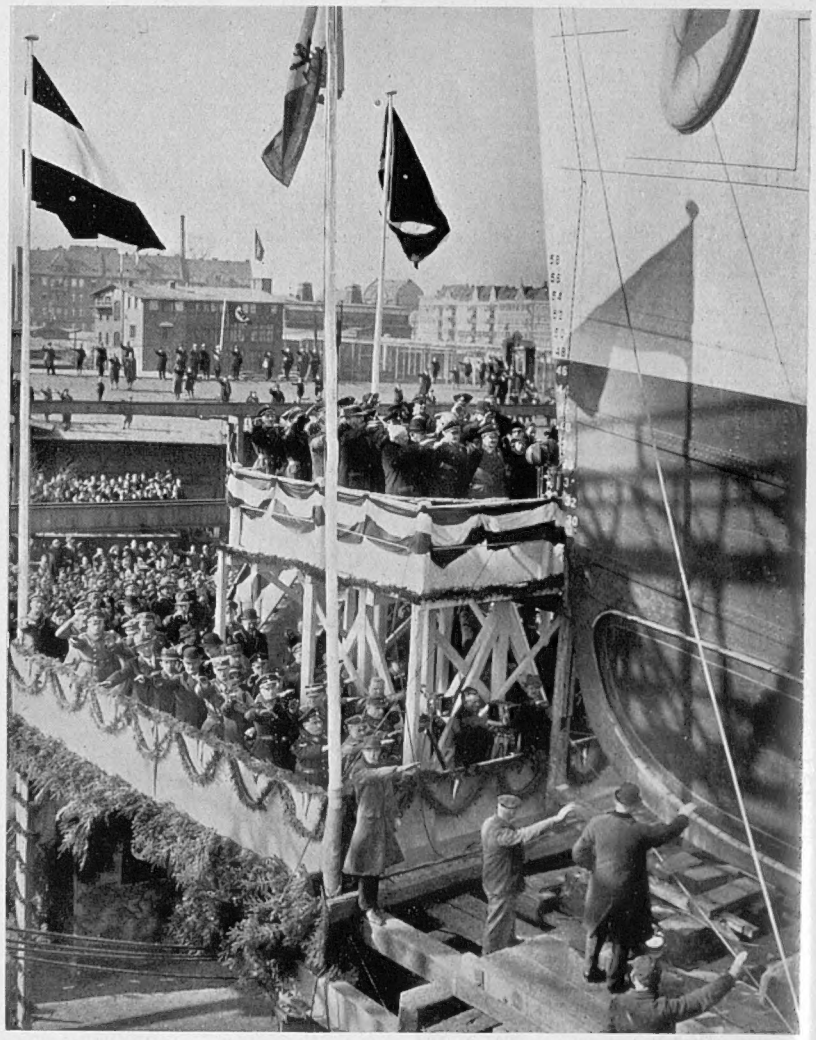
A BRIDAL CORONET: Miss Leveen MacGrath, daughter of Mr. Walter MacGrath, whose marriage to Mr. Christopher Burn took place on Monday at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. Her striking head-dress attracted general attention

BRIGHTER LONDON: Assembling at a Birmingham works one of the many lamps which will be used to illuminate Buckingham Palace during the Silver Jubilee celebrations. Hundreds of buildings will be lit up in this way, and a number of firms are busy manufacturing apparatus for the purpose

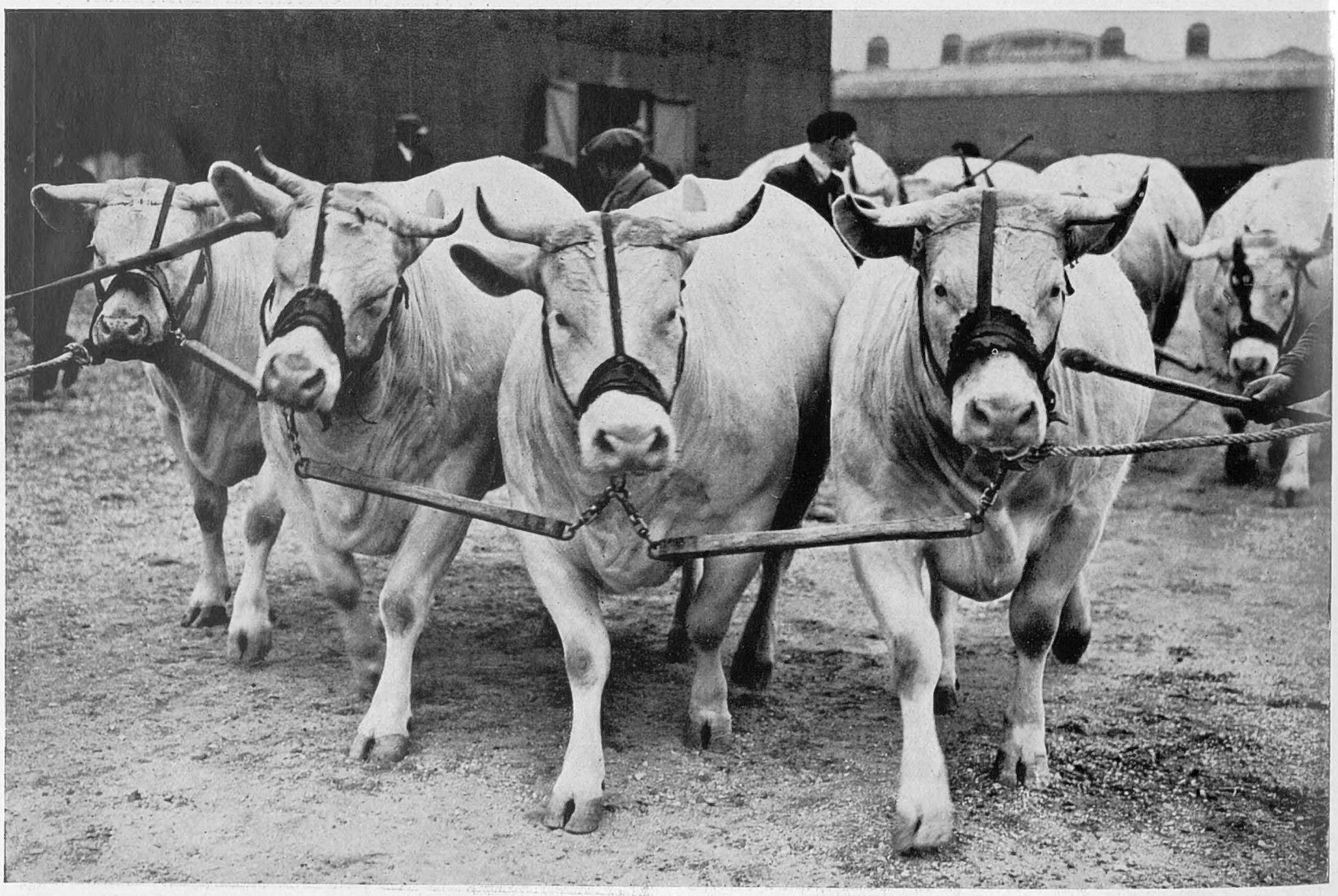
An European Survey

Happenings in Three Countries

ITALY: A party of schoolboys saluting a statue of Julius Caesar on the Ides of March, during the celebration in Rome of the anniversary of the assassination of the great military genius and statesman



GERMANY: The scene in the dockyard at Stettin before the launching by a granddaughter of the late President Hindenburg of the new warship, *Tannenberg*. The vessel will be placed in commission during the summer



PARADING BEFORE THE FRENCH PRESIDENT

A handsome team of Charolais oxen in the judging ring at the Paris Agricultural Show which was attended by President Lebrun and other notabilities

PRINCESS INGRID OF SWEDEN AND HER FIANCÉ

An Exclusive Picture of the Royal Couple

The betrothal of Princess Ingrid, only daughter of the Crown Prince Gustav of Sweden and a granddaughter of the Duke of Connaught, to the Crown Prince Frederick of Denmark, has caused great satisfaction in the two countries and the happy couple have been showered with congratulatory messages from all parts of the world. The Princess, who celebrates her twenty-fifth birthday this month, has been a regular visitor to England in recent years, and her great personal charm has won her a host of friends. She is extremely keen on all forms of outdoor sport and is particularly fond of golf, tennis, and hunting. Prince Frederick, who is a great-nephew of the late Queen Alexandra of England, is the eldest son of King Christian X of Denmark, and was born in 1899 at the Castle of Sorgenfri. He received a naval education, has held a number of commands, and is now a Captain in the Danish Navy. He has two strangely different hobbies: one is composing music and the other driving locomotives. It is probable that the wedding will take place on May 17.

THE HERO OF THE HOUR: General Kondylis (fourth from right), the Greek Minister for War, who commanded the Government forces in Eastern Macedonia and crushed the Venizelist rebels with comparatively little difficulty. On his return to Athens he was given a tremendous reception by the inhabitants

HIS LAST ADVENTURE: M. Venizelos and his wife on board the cruiser *Averoff* when flying from Crete to Rhodes after the failure of the rebellion. On March 17 they went on to Naples in the Italian liner *Rex*, and were accompanied by 120 rebel officers and civilians

MOVING INTO ACTION: Pack-mules, loaded with machine-guns and ammunition, crossing a snow-covered pass in the neighbourhood of Salonika on the way to support General Kondylis in his successful effort to defeat the Venizelists

EXIT VENIZELOS

The Fiery and Ambitious Statesman, Once the Idol of His Country, goes Ignominiously into Exile

VENIZELOS has played his last card, and the sorry game, in which the stakes were human lives and the very existence of a country whose prodigious past endears it to the whole world, is over. New players will be found, of course, to begin a new game—that is the way of Greek politics—but it is fairly certain that Venizelos will never again sit at the infamous political table in Athens.

He ought to have left it long ago. He ought by now to have been one of his country's elder statesmen. At seventy-one a statesman is expected to have finished sowing his political oats.

Alas! The fiery and ambitious Cretan has lost little of his fire and less of his ambition with the advance of years; and in the evening of his life has thought fit to re-stage the stupid spectacle of Balkan revolution, which has become so dull that even special correspondents turn their noses up at it. A decent bandit arouses within us a certain sense of fellowship—there, but for the grace of a superior police force, go we, as it were: dictators, Latin or Nordic, are something we can understand; but these Balkan jacks-in-the-box, confusing their country's fortunes and imperilling their countrymen's lives, on an average twice a year, and for no better reason than to satisfy their own and their friends' lust for power and gold, are becoming a nuisance.

Greek revolutions rarely have any direct, national object. They can only be explained in relation to personalities; and the latest rising is no exception. The personalities here were those of the premier, Tsaldaris, known to be of royalist sympathies, and Eleftherios Venizelos, suspected of strong—well, let us say strong Venizelist sympathies.

In 1932, the Royalist leader Tsaldaris secured an uncertain majority in the Greek Chamber, and was entrusted with the government of the country on condition that he tried no experiments with the Republican Constitution. Power is more important than principle in Greece, so Tsaldaris accepted the condition. Shortly afterwards the intrigues of Venizelos brought the Tsaldaris Government down, and a second election was held. This time the Royalist, to the bitter chagrin of his Cretan enemy, obtained a small but absolute majority, which the pro-Venizelos Senate did its best to cripple.

The gradual strengthening of the position of Tsaldaris caused much alarm in the camps of the enemy, and led to the silly *coup* by which General Plastiris enjoyed twenty-four hours' dictatorship, at the end of which the unhappy general was forced to flee the country, disavowed by his friend Venizelos. Things were going wrong with the Cretan's plans. Tsaldaris was gaining ground in the Senate, and, most serious of all the signs, agitations in Salonika were acquiring, to everybody's surprise, a distinctly Royalist character. If Venizelos hoped to regain power in Greece he would have to strike swiftly.

He struck, and the rest of the adventure we know. There is tragedy, characteristically Greek, in his fall; only a few years ago he was the saviour of his country. The annexation of Thrace and large parts of Macedonia was an accomplished fact.

Venizelos had done that. That man had done it who in 1908 overthrew a cowardly Greek Government because it refused to endorse the Cretan demand for incorporation in the Hellenic State; who, above all, had dethroned a king and backed the Allies during the Great War. He was a new hero, fit to take his place with the best of the Homeric champions. In an Ionian garden I asked a certain wealthy Greek merchant what he thought of Venizelos. The man actually cried with emotion as he praised the deliverer: "To us Greeks of Asia Minor he is a blessed saviour!"

Less than a year later I helped that man to find a fisher's ship with which to escape in haste from the mainland to one of the islands. The "deliverance" had been an illusion.

But Venizelos, who had had to give way to the returned King Constantine, was still a hero. He would have remained a hero had it not been for the monstrous executions which followed the defeat in Asia Minor. That was a blunder for which the Cretan, justly or unjustly, is still paying. Not a Greek but remembers with shame those frantic and utterly un-Hellenic murders, and Tsaldaris has been subtly exploiting the memory. Venizelos has never explained how it came about that his telegram, sent from Paris under pressure of the former Allies, reached his friends too late to prevent the executions. If that telegram had reached Athens in time it is unlikely that Venizelos and his followers would have needed to engineer their latest revolution, and a name that once had been dear to a whole people would not have been shamed.

Roy Elston

AN EXILED FAMILY: *Left*—The two sons and a grandson of M. Venizelos who live in Paris. *Right*—M. Venizelos and some of his supporters on the bridge of the warship, *Averoff*, as they sailed from Crete on their way into exile. By his folly in engineering the revolt, this great Greek statesman has brought to an ignominious end a brilliant career of service to his country

Going to Church IN HUNGARY

SUNDAY BEST

Hungarian women, wearing their beautifully embroidered national costumes, filing into a church at Mezö-Kövesd

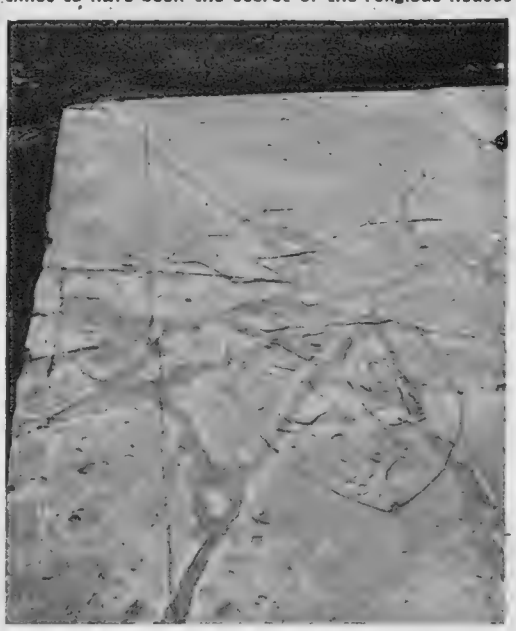
A peasant girl has trouble with her footgear and, incidentally, reveals yard upon yard of frilled petticoat

BUTTON MY SHOE

TWO by TWO

Picturesquely dressed schoolgirls marching through the streets of Mezö-Kövesd on their way to church. Many of their elaborately embroidered skirts and blouses have been handed down from mother to daughter for generations

ANCIENT PAVEMENT DECORATIONS RESTORED: A nine-tile design (*left*) and a four-tile design (*right*) reconstructed from fragments discovered during excavation work that has recently been taking place at the ancient Cistercian Abbey at Whalley, Lancashire. Such examples are extremely rare, and the art of manufacturing them appears in medieval times to have been the secret of the religious houses



DESIGNED IN FOUR PIECES: *Left*—An elaborate composite tile design at Whalley. *Right*—The tombstone of the De Lacys reconstructed from over 100 scattered fragments and embedded in cement. It bears the family coat of arms

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE RESTORED PAVING AT WHALLEY ABBEY showing the reconstructed tile designs which, though lacking the artistry and finish of those made in Spain and Italy at a later period, are considerably more durable. Excellent examples of this type of work have also been found at Chertsey Abbey

The Tile Patterns at Whalley

The restoration of the tiled pavements shown in these pictures is of particular interest, as such work is now exceedingly rare. The art of manufacturing these decorations was introduced into Germany, France, and England in the thirteenth century—some time before the southern nations of Europe evolved their painted majolica pavements, and when the northern peoples had no knowledge of enamels, but were compelled to create their designs in the native red-brick earths and white pipeclays. The earliest date at which we have tangible proof of the existence of this art is 1237, fifty-nine years before the establishment of the abbey at Whalley, while it appears to have come to an end with the downfall of the monasteries during the reign of Henry VIII.

The tombstone at Whalley, bearing the De Lacy coat of arms, which has also been restored, is another relic of considerable interest. It has been reconstructed from fragments scattered widely amid the ruins, and beneath it the bones of a member of the De Lacy family (the original owners of the abbey) have now been reinterred.

THE ROMAN VILLA AT SOUTHWICK

The Foundations of an Eighteen-Centuries-Old Residence Excavated

Throughout the country local antiquarian associations have done much during the present century to bring to light relics of the Roman era, and though little publicity is usually accorded these finds they, nevertheless, often contribute largely to our knowledge of life in Britain during the Roman occupation. The excavations at Southwick provide a typical example of local enterprise, for in this Sussex village Mr. S. E. Winbolt and other enthusiasts have succeeded in excavating the foundations of a villa of imposing proportions. The site of the villa has been purchased for the Sussex Archæological Society, and is now being laid out for the public in a manner worthy of its importance.

ROMAN COARSE WARE: A biscuit-coloured jug reconstructed from fragments found during the excavation of the villa at Southwick, Sussex

EVIDENCE OF ANTIQUITY: A coin, dating from the time of Hadrian, which was found at Southwick and establishes the fact that the villa dates from the first half of the second century

Coins found in the excavations indicate that the building was first inhabited not later than A.D. 133, while some of the pottery unearthed suggests that the place is two or three decades older. The foundations cover an area of approximately 200 ft. by 170 ft.

THE SOUTHWICK EXCAVATIONS DURING THE EARLY STAGES OF THE WORK: The steel rods were used for probing the ground to detect the position of the walls

ANCIENT AND MODERN: A view of the foundations of the central block of the villa which covered a total area of over 30,000 sq. ft. In the background are some of the many houses which have sprung up round the site during the past few years, and a road leading to which crosses part of the ground once occupied by the villa

FOUR TRAINS IN A MIDNIGHT COLLISION

Wreckage which Blocked the Main Line to Scotland for a Day

THE MORNING AFTER: One of the engines involved in last week's smash on the L.M.S. at King's Langley, Herts. The collisions were so violent that wreckage was strewn in all directions, and the main line from Euston to Scotland was completely blocked for a whole day. It appears that between 11 p.m. and midnight a freight train from Liverpool experienced brake trouble and came to a standstill for repairs. It had just started again when a milk train from Rugby ran into it from behind, and caused such damage that two other trains crashed into the derailed vans. There was only one casualty, but a major disaster was prevented by the presence of mind of someone living near the scene of the crash who telephoned the nearest station and made it possible for a warning to be given to an approaching express

A JOB FOR THE BREAKDOWN GANGS: An aerial view of the scene at King's Langley, showing how the permanent way was blocked by the wreckage which it took many hours to clear. As a result trains had to be diverted, and there was a considerable dislocation in the service

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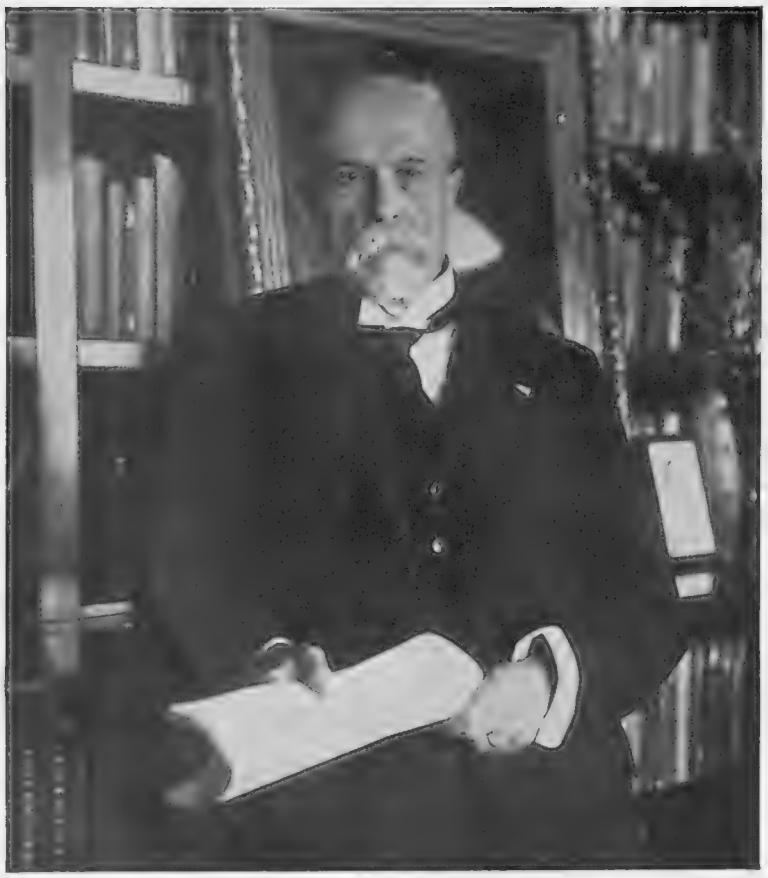
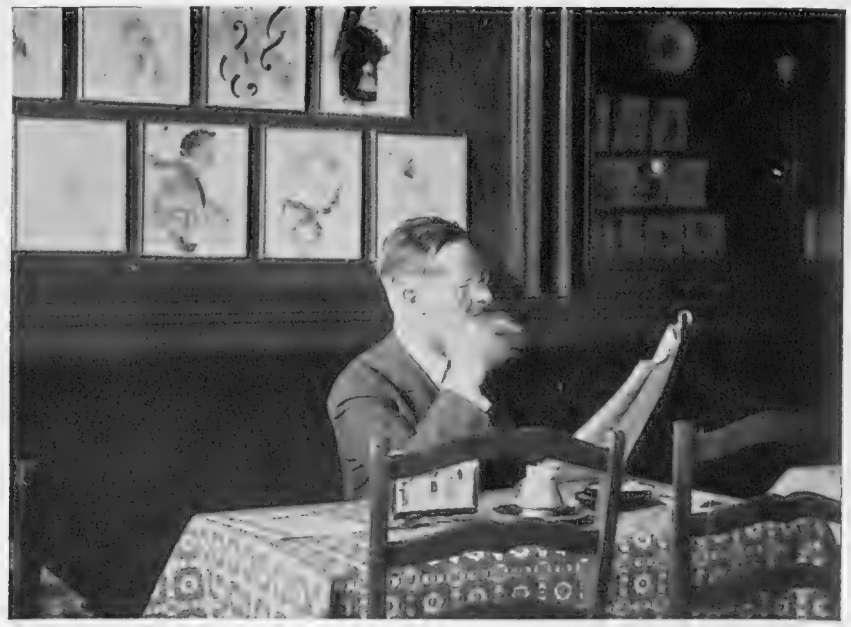


CZECHOSLOVAKIA'S GRAND OLD MAN: President Masaryk, who celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday on March 7 amid scenes of national rejoicing. He was born in Moravia in 1850 and as a youth was apprenticed to a blacksmith. By dint of hard study he became a Professor at Prague University in 1882, and nine years later was elected a member of the Austrian Reichsrath, during the debates of which he was conspicuous for his denunciations of the Government's conduct of Serbo-Croat affairs. In 1914 he fled to England, and when the Czechoslovak Republic was formed in 1919 he was called to be President—a position which he has since held

A HOLIDAY AND AN ENFORCED HOLIDAY: *Left*—M. Santiago Alba, President of the Spanish Parliament, seen during a recent visit to St. Jean de Luz. *Right*—Dr. Georg von Dehn, a German diplomatic official, bidding good-bye to Monsignor Paschal Robinson, the Papal Nuncio, before leaving Dublin to take up the important post of Minister in Rumania. When Chancellor Hitler saw this picture, it is reported that he gave instructions for the immediate dismissal of Herr Dehn, on the grounds that his mode of leave-taking was unworthy of a representative of the Third Reich

RECEIVED IN AUDIENCE: Sir Reginald Hoare (centre), the new British Minister in Rumania, leaving the Palace at Bucharest after presenting his credentials to King Carol. He was formerly posted at Teheran



A FAMOUS RENDEZVOUS: The Bavaria—a Geneva café where delegates and journalists meet to discuss the questions of the day. Note the caricatures on the wall

GENEVA RE-VISITED

How the League of Nations has Acquired Increased Prestige as a Result of the Peaceful Settlement of the Saar and Other Problems

COMING back to Geneva after a lapse of years during which much had happened in Europe and the world, reflecting great changes in the League itself, I was nevertheless struck by the fact that the essentials there have remained the same.

The Assembly, it is true, no longer meets in the old Salle de Réformation. Even as the Council, it now forgathers in the main building near the Quai Wilson. And the press room is altogether different. Gone is the plain, ordinary looking room, with its wooden tables and chairs, and its general air of modesty, and in its place is an imposing affair, done in the most advanced "modernist" style. Changes other than material ones were also admittedly noticeable. One missed the German and Japanese faces in the Council Room and in the Secretariat, for both Germany and Japan had walked out of the League since last I had visited Geneva.

Yet things were really the same after all. For if Germany and Japan were absent, another Great Power was present, Russia; and if there were no longer M. Briand and Herr Stresemann to make League history over a luncheon table at a little inn in Thoiry, there was Mr. Anthony Eden to make League history during a round of golf at Geneva.

The League, therefore, in spite of all its vicissitudes and changes, and in spite of all the croakings of the dismal prophets to whom its death was a case of the wish being father to the thought, survives, and is still its essential individual old self. Even that "modernist" press room—a case of coming events casting their shadows, for the new League building now in course of construction will be very modern indeed—has really made but little difference. Indeed, even this modernism is a criticism of modernity. For these glass and chromium plated tables bear little notices enjoining their users not to lean too heavily lest the metal snap.

The most vivid of my impressions this time, however, was the new and increased stature of the British delegation. Hitherto it had generally been the Germans or the French—or M. Benes, the Czechoslovak Foreign Minister; and amongst the most famous and experienced of the Genevan "old hands"—who had dominated the international scene on the borders of Lake Leman. Now, I found, it was the British. After a decade of undefined policy, Britain had again found a definite line, and was once more taking a lead. Wherefore the figure which attracted most attention and caused most speculation in the "corridors" was the tall, well-groomed one of Mr. Eden. And the hotel—for "hotel diplomacy" is still much the most interesting part of this Geneva business—which had become the centre of interest was the Beau Rivage, where the British Delegation stays. For Britain had played a leading part in the settlement of the Saar and Hungaro-Yugoslav questions. Mr. Eden's handling of these two events at Geneva probably prevented a conflagration. The reverberation of these two British triumphs were still felt at Geneva—in the League building itself, in the Council Room, the corridors, the press room, the hotels and in the cafés.

I have included the cafés, because no picture of Geneva—the Geneva of the League, for the Geneva of the Genevois is quite a different thing—would be complete without mention of that most famous of Genevan hostelries, the Bavaria.

The Bavaria—where once Herr Stresemann himself used to partake of lager and frankfürters and gossip with the journalists when off duty—is the hub of that little world of journalists, delegates, gossipers, onlookers and the rest which make up the human *mise-en-scène* of the League.

A long narrow room, in the style of a South German beer house, with the walls enlivened with caricatures of statesmen and journalists who had played their part in different stages of the League's history; the atmosphere hazy with tobacco smoke; the din of animated conversation in a dozen different tongues: the place where the idle rumour of to-night becomes the firm news of to-morrow—that is the Bavaria. The very quintessence of that indefinable yet very definite and unique and individual thing we call "the Geneva atmosphere," the expression of the life which has grown up out of and around the League of Nations.

Perhaps there are not now quite so many outsiders and busy-bodies as there used to be, although there are still more than enough! I remember that in the old days their name was legion. They would descend upon Geneva on a hundred-and-one self-appointed "missions," lobby the delegates, send petitions to the Council (which a long-suffering League Secretariat buried deep in the files), attend "summer schools," crowd the public gatherings at the Assembly, and gossip at the Bavaria.

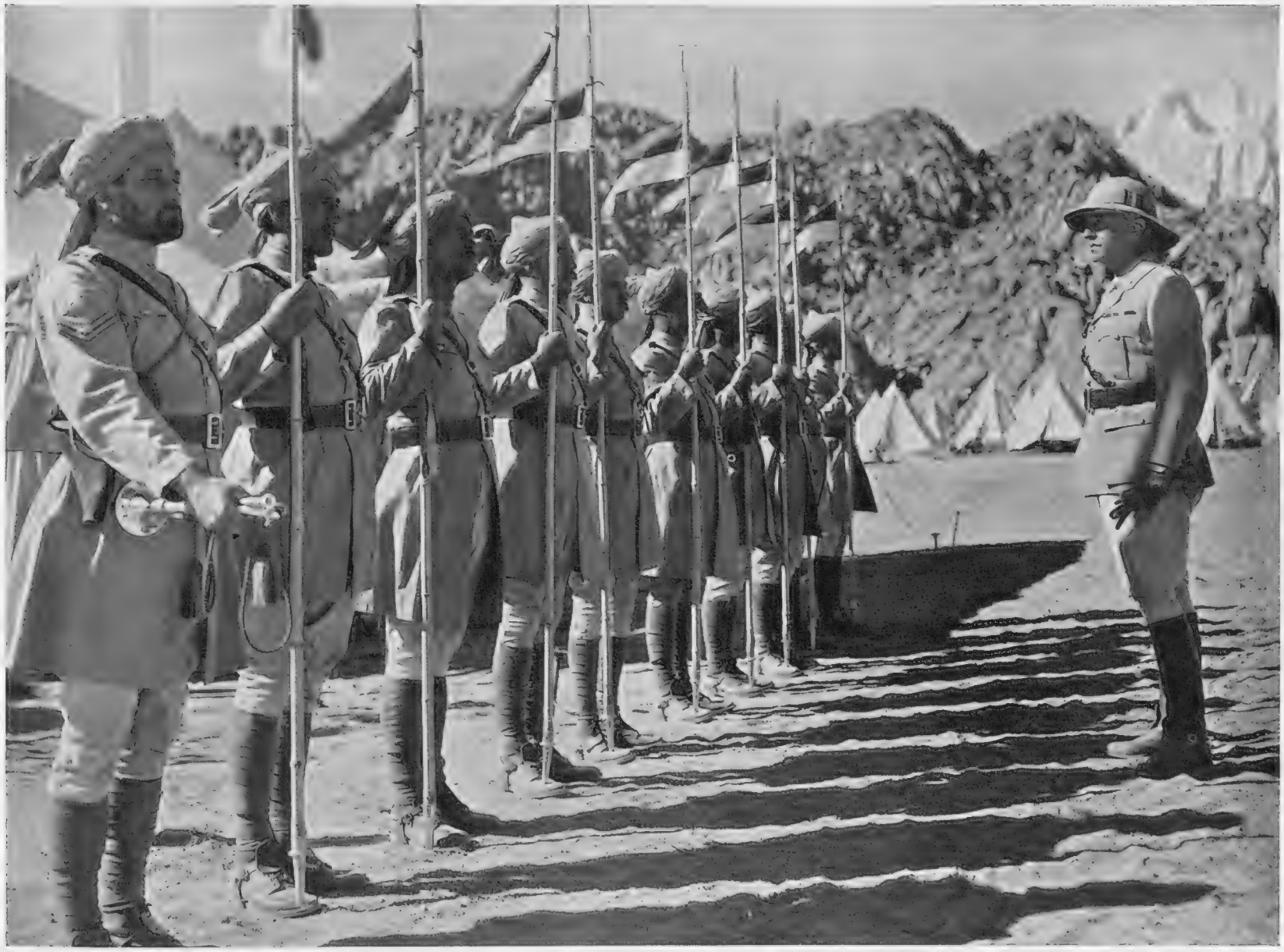
The League these days, after the bad time it went through when Germany and Japan walked out, and since its new triumph following the settlement of the affairs of the Saar and the Hungaro-Yugoslav dispute, has now a more business-like and less hectic atmosphere. There is less time for the well-meaning but embarrassing amateurs. For there is more work than ever for the experienced professionals.

At the last Council meeting the League was still enjoying the enhanced prestige brought to it by the Saar and Hungaro-Yugoslav settlements. But at the same

(Continued on p.448)

GUARDIANS OF INDIA'S ONLY GATEWAY

RECONNAISSANCE DUTY: A detachment of Bengal Lancers crossing a river in the neighbourhood of the Khyber Pass—the only gateway along India's thousands of miles of land frontier which elsewhere is protected by dense jungle and the almost impenetrable mountain rampart of the Himalayas. This picture was taken by Mr. Ernest B. Schoedsack, who directed the film, *The Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, which is now drawing large audiences to the Carlton Cinema, Haymarket



WITH LANCE ON TOE: A British officer inspecting Bengal Lancers at their camp near the Khyber Pass—for centuries the weakest spot in India's defences and the route to the sub-continent along which poured the hosts of Alexander the Great and, later, those of Nadir, the conquering Shah of Persia, who seized Delhi in 1739 and carried away the Koh-i-Noor diamond and the Peacock Throne of the Moguls

AT THE INDIAN SANDHURST: A march past of cadets at Dehra Dun, Punjab, the training college which has recently come into existence in response to a demand by the native politicians for a more rapid "Indianization" of the commissioned ranks of the Indian army. It will take at least thirty-two years before any of these men can rise by seniority to command of a regiment. The material is excellent, and non-politically minded; being drawn exclusively from the fighting races. Sikhs are identifiable in the ranks by their puggarees; their long hair preventing the adoption of the regulation, flat cadet cap

DEFENDERS OF INDIA

The British-trained Warrior Class that Protects the Vast Sub-Continent from Invasion and Effectively Holds the Balance between the Hostile Religious Elements

By "MAUSER"

FIGHTING HILLMEN: Members of a frontier tribe serving in a Punjabi regiment of the Indian army. They are both Mussulmen, they speak Pushtu (a language incomprehensible to the rest of India), and are regarded as the finest natural marksmen in the world. Note the sandals

"There were few periods in the recorded history of India anterior to the British administration, where over large tracts the internal peace was not disturbed. The first factor which changed the conditions which prevailed over the greater part of India up till the early years of the nineteenth century was the establishment of peace within the country and of security on its borders."

Thus one of the many straightforward definitions of that admirable document, the Simon Report, in tracing our responsibility for the changing face of India. The peace and security which we brought are, in effect, to be the reason for our abdication. And in favour of what successor?

India's land frontiers stretch for 6,000 miles. Luckily for her, these miles are packed with the most intractable obstacles; ranging from impenetrable swampy jungle to an almost continuous mass of rock, ice, and snow, the highest mountain *massif* in the world. In one place only does the obstacle break down into a practicable, if hazardous, doorway, through which invaders have swept, on occasions almost innumerable, from the days of Alexander the Great to those of Nadir Shah, the Persian whose most striking piece of loot was the Koh-i-Noor and the jewel-studded Peacock Throne of the Moguls; and it is on this flaw in an otherwise unassailable *enceinte* that the whole land defence of India is focussed.

Ever since the days of Peter the Great, Russia has been faced with the logic that if she is to survive as a power in the world, she cannot remain content to be an island in an immense land-mass, but must have access to the sea. She may, if she wishes, make the Baltic a Russian lake, only to find its exit barred without difficulty by the British, and so valueless. No outlet to the Mediterranean is possible as long as three major world-powers keep the Dardanelles closed to her passage. Eastward, Japan faces her. Northward, the ice binds her. Through India, alone, can she hope for easy access to the ocean, and, with it, to that Asiatic hegemony which is her abiding dream; for, throughout the ages, the owners of India have been masters of Asia. In that, put shortly, and not in visions of loot, empire, and untold trade, lies what we for generations have been taught to call the Russian Menace; and it is that external danger, and no other, to face which the Army in India is maintained.

A SENIOR NATIVE OFFICER of the 45th Rattray's Sikhs, a famous Punjab regiment. The Sikhs are probably the foremost and most formidable fighting race of the Punjab—itself the home of the large majority of the soldiers of the Indian Army

ON MANŒUVRES: A detachment of Gurkhas taking near Delhi. These men are natives of the Inde Army for enlistment, and frequently spend their return home with sufficient means to buy a plot 19,000 of these superlative semi-

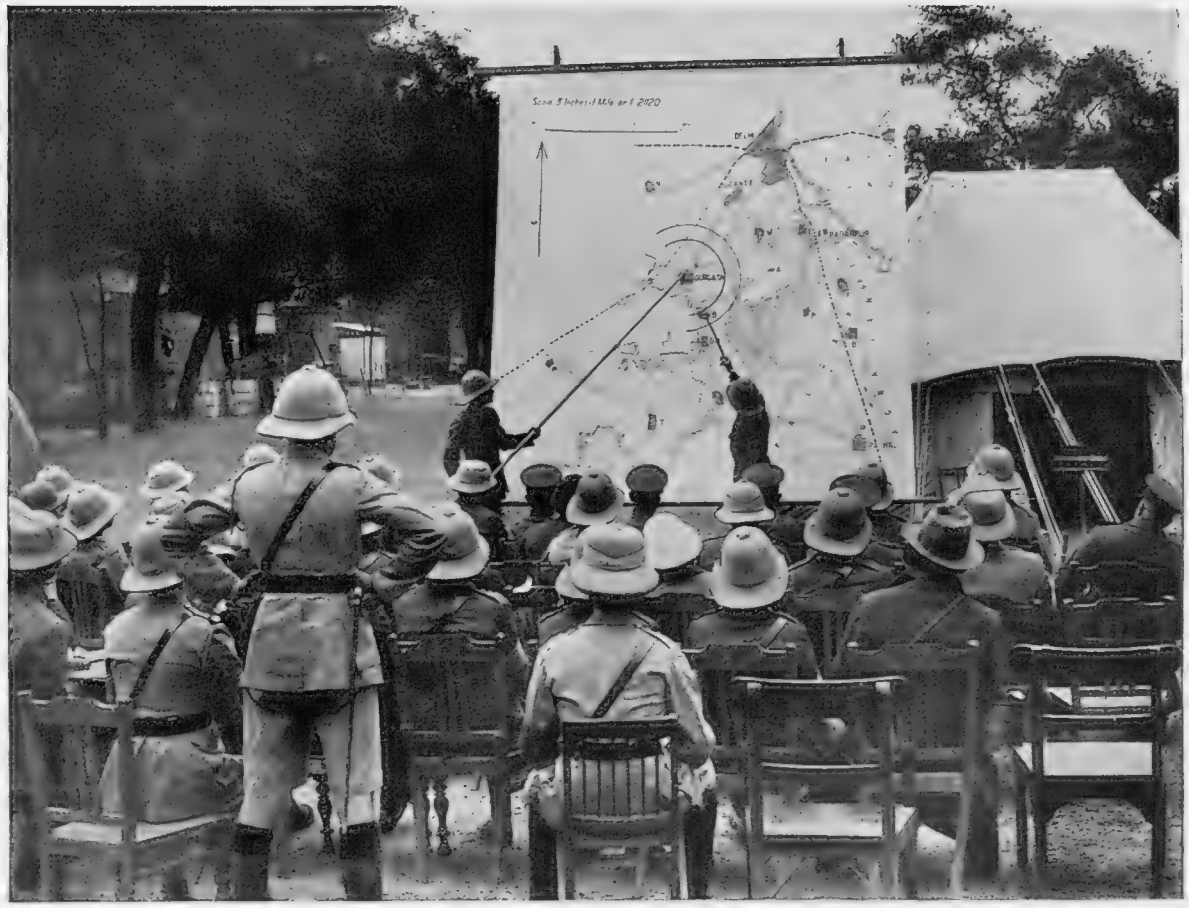
For close on a hundred years it has been our policy to keep a belt of "buffer States" between us and the enemy beyond our borders, whose too near approach it would be unwise to allow. This has involved relations, not always of the most cordial, with our near north-western neighbour, Afghanistan; a nation which, however normally open to argument, taught us till recently that we could use force only at our peril. And as if this difficulty were not enough, astride our frontier line itself lies a land full of what are probably the most formidable fighting men in the world, against whom in the past we have launched expedition after expedition; only to retreat, in the end, licking our hurts, remarkably pensive, and with little accomplished.

This threefold danger is matched in no other portion of our Empire—the borders of which are, almost without exception, that water on which we are still the world's unquestioned master. Nor can we find a parallel to the further fact that the army in India, so far from being able to concentrate its energies on the defence of the land, faces two ways. It is, to a large extent, distributed throughout the sub-continent; not, indeed, as the native politicians would have us believe, with the object of "holding down" an India struggling to be free, but to protect from one another the two largest, most murderously hostile, religious elements in the land, the Hindu and the Muslim; occasions for the necessity of which, under the loosening of native civic discipline which seems to be inseparable from true democratic behaviour, have of late years been of increasingly frequent occurrence.

It is this double preoccupation of the Army which, more than any other consideration, disproves the bare existence, let alone effectiveness, of a national spirit. For where, in white lands, the soldiers go out to fight, every man, woman and child of those who remain see to it that the home-fires are kept burning. In India, where loyalty even to itself is a term untranslatable by any word in the vernacular, the home-fires may at any moment get out of hand and grow to a conflagration.

The fact that India is not, in the ordinary and natural sense, a single nation is further made plain when we consider the difference between its fighting races and the rest. Where in Europe and our white Empire every grown man is, by his very nature, enlistable wherever met, this, in over 90 per cent. of India's area is the well-marked exception. The fighting races are practically entirely concentrated in the North and North West, where almost innumerable invasions have either receded and left a leaven of fighting blood, or have produced a hardening of the yeoman peasant class which in many cases gave as hard blows as it took. For the rest, India is frankly and unashamedly non-combatant.

It is the mercy of fate, therefore, that where the fighting men are wanted, there are they most thickly to be found. The Punjab itself supplies the overwhelmingly largest proportion of the Indian army. There, if anywhere, every lad in the villages, every man at the plough, is an enlistable warrior. The Sikhs, the most impressive fighting men whom the writer—even including his memories of the Zulus—has ever seen, have a world-wide reputation; but second only to them come the Punjabi Mussulman, the Dogra, the Gurkha, and many of the sub-Himalayan races. To one and all of these voluntary military service is a matter of instinct and heredity; the profession of arms



PARADOX: An officer explaining the plan of attack before the recent manœuvres near Delhi. The picture is of particular interest in that it shows the remarkable lack of uniformity in the uniforms of the Indian army, in which considerable latitude is allowed to individual regiments in their type of turn-out. The khaki-shorted, black-belted figure in the foreground, with arms akimbo, is an officer of the Gurkhas

that which carries, without exception, the highest personal prestige in the land, just as its monetary rewards are probably the lowest; a profession which puts the warrior in a class immeasurably higher than that of the scholar, orator, or politician.

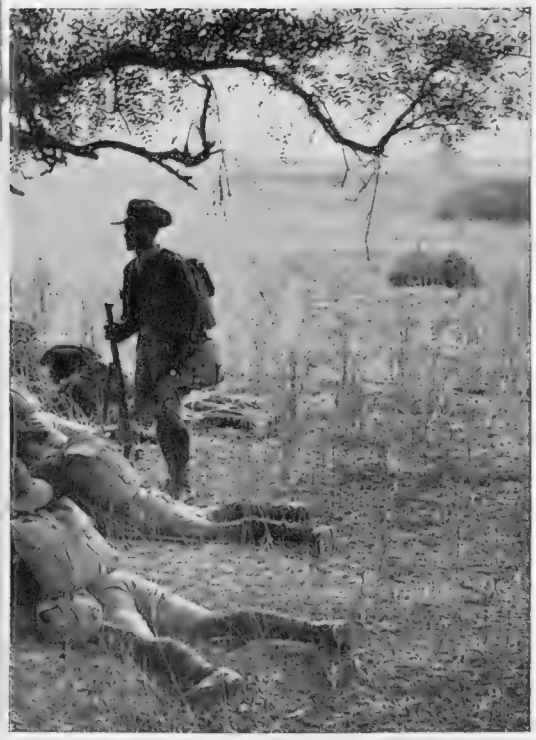
Nowhere, throughout the length and breadth of the land, is there any form of conscription. Not one recruit of the 680,000 fighting men enlisted during the War but came forward as a volunteer. Large numbers, indeed, who before 1914 to their grief and shame had to be turned down by the recruiters as either surplus to requirements or as not being quite up to standard, found the chance of their lives when the regiments grew a little more lenient. Geography, distance, the very names of the nations fighting were strange to them, and a matter of no interest. Enough that the Sirkar would take men, and that the sahibs were merrily busy with the measuring tape. "Ho! Sundar Singh, come with me. We go together!" and the village paths grew black with them.

The peace-time strength of the Indian Army is large—150,000 voluntary soldiers, beholden to nobody but their white officer, and thinking little if at all of any government or power behind him; a superlative force. For, apart from numbers, by the very nature of their task their quality has to be, and is, above cavil. Any Power that sought to invade India and, in doing so, had to bring troops, animals, guns, and an almost unlimited bulk of supplies across the difficult terrain intervening between its frontier and ours, would, *ex hypothesi*, have to limit itself to the minimum man-power necessary for the job. It would bring the skimmed cream of its armies. To meet such troops, defenders need to be habitually at the top of their form. A habit, in fact, of instinctive soldierliness which has descended through the heredity of generations to the fighting clans of India; to them, and to none other in the land.

Can it be wondered at that the politicians, excluded to a man from its prestige, clamour for the control of this warrior caste? They adduce as a claim that India can never be its own master unless it can defend itself, and, in doing so, be beholden to no white leadership. The hopeless and insurmountable difficulty lies in the fact that while, on the civil side, Indians have, under British training, made immense advances towards administrative capacity, no amount of training could ever turn the Brahmin, the *baniah*, and the politically-minded town dwellers into fighting men. For, it cannot be too often repeated, the Indian *per se*, is not a fighting man. The martial races of India are a definitely specialized minority; less than 10 per cent. of the whole population; and in exactly the proportion that a man is a fighter, so does he diverge from the non-combatant politician. As a single instance, the Punjab supplies over 70 per cent. of the strength of the Indian Army; Bengal, the home of political sedition, with a population at 50,000,000, two-and-a-half times as great, contributes not a single man.

The Briton, and the warrior castes who ask for nothing better than that he should continue, defend an India incapable, under any other combination, of defending itself; and to all political outcry to the contrary the answer is plain. *The thing works.* In two thousand years of history, not one of the scores of immense invasions of India from beyond the Himalayas ever failed; since we British, and the Indian fighting clans whom we have trained, undertook the defence of the Border, not one has ever succeeded. And were we British ever to take the cork out of the Passes, the spate of murderous barbarians, white or brown, who might well flood across the face of the helpless and man-crowded plains would be a reminder, for all time, of the horrors which for a century have been forgotten.

As Timur the Tartar said, "I will leave them their eyes to weep with. No more."



cover during a mimic battle held a few weeks ago
pendent kingdom of Nepal, but come to the Indian
lives in the service until pensioned off, when they
of land. At the present moment there are over
Mongolian fighters in the Service

COMMANDER OF THE BIKANER INFANTRY: Lieut.-Colonel Thakur Balu Sing, a typical officer in one of the regiments maintained by the Princes of the native States. These troops are not part of the Indian Army, but in time of war their services are invariably offered to the Government

DIVING INTO SPACE: Mr. Ivor Price being pulled from a Handley-Page machine during a display staged last summer by Sir Alan Cobham at Bristol Airport. The envelope of the parachute is just beginning to unfold, but not sufficiently to become entangled with the 'plane

THE

When jumping from the cockpit of a machine it is advisable, if possible, to dive off and wait for a few seconds before pulling the release to ensure getting clear of the machine lest the opening parachute should foul it. But in an emergency the main thing is to get clear and it does not matter whether one jumps or falls so long as the release is not pulled until one is well clear of the machine. The release need not be pulled until the parachutist has fallen a considerable distance and there is no danger of the shock of opening bursting the parachute. It is a mistake to believe that a man falling from a great height will be dead

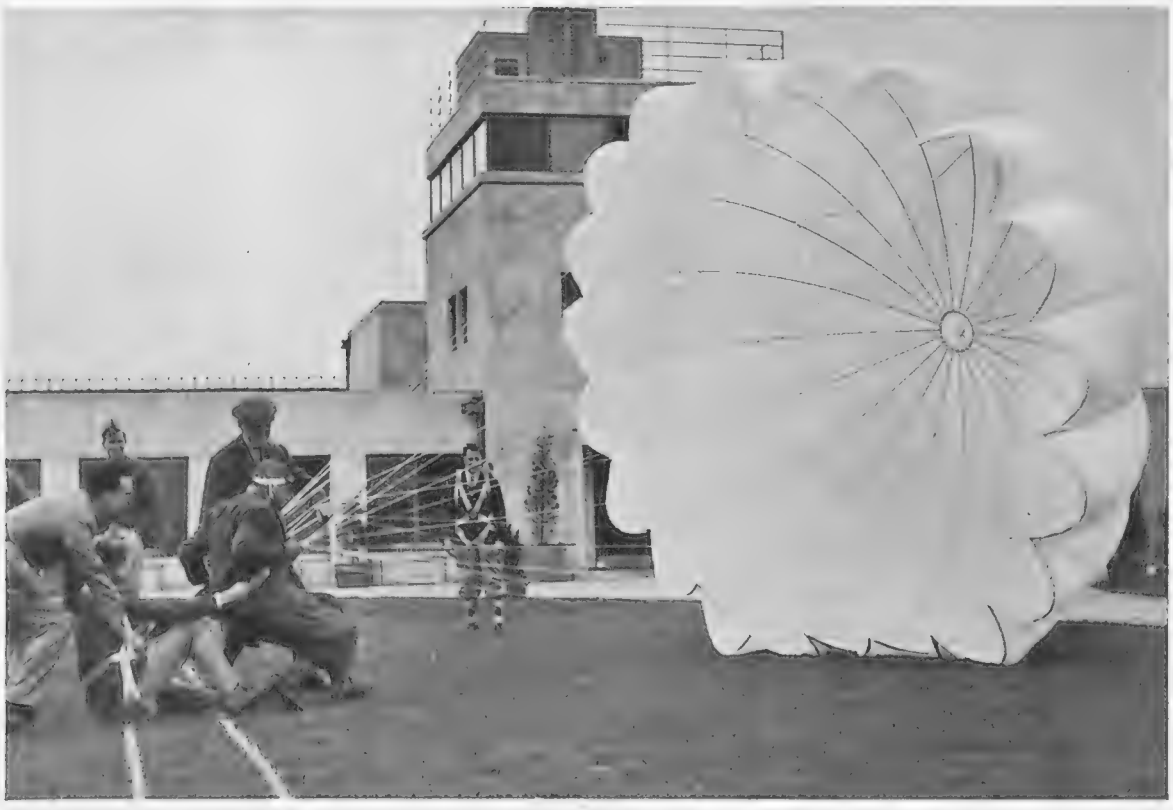
THE GREATEST DARE-DEVIL OF THEM ALL: Mr. John Tranum, the famous Danish parachute jumper, who recently lost his life when about to embark on the most hazardous descent of his career. He had planned to drop from 30,000 ft. to 7,000 ft. before opening his parachute, but as a result of the temporary failure of his oxygen supply he collapsed and died in the cockpit of his 'plane

PARACHUTES are standard equipment in most of the air forces of the world and in England have been worn compulsorily by the crews of R.A.F. machines for some years. Many airmen owe their lives to them when their machines have broken up or gone out of control, and Col. Lindbergh, for example, has actually saved his life three times by jumping with his parachute. During the last twelve months several lives have been saved in England following collisions in the air. In fact the Caterpillar Club, membership of which is confined to airmen saved by one particular make of parachute has now nearly 1,000 members.

Parachutes are made in three types. The seat type, in which the parachute forms the seat cushion, is that used by pilots as it stows away very neatly into the seat and does not obstruct the controls. The lap type, in which the parachute pack lies across the lap, is used by photographers and air gunners in the R.A.F. because they have to be continually moving about and it has been found that the lap pack hinders their movements least. There remains the back pack used in balloons and airships and also for training in the R.A.F. In this type the parachute is carried on the back.

For training purposes in the R.A.F. the pupil, wearing the back pack, stands on a platform on the wing of the machine. When given a signal he pulls the release carried on his left breast. A small pilot parachute is shot out by a spring and this in turn pulls out the main parachute which drags him off the wing.

GLIDING TO EARTH: A parachutist making a descent from a dizzy height above Copenhagen. He is equipped with the cushion type of parachute which, when not in use, stows away neatly into the seat of the 'plane and does not obstruct the controls



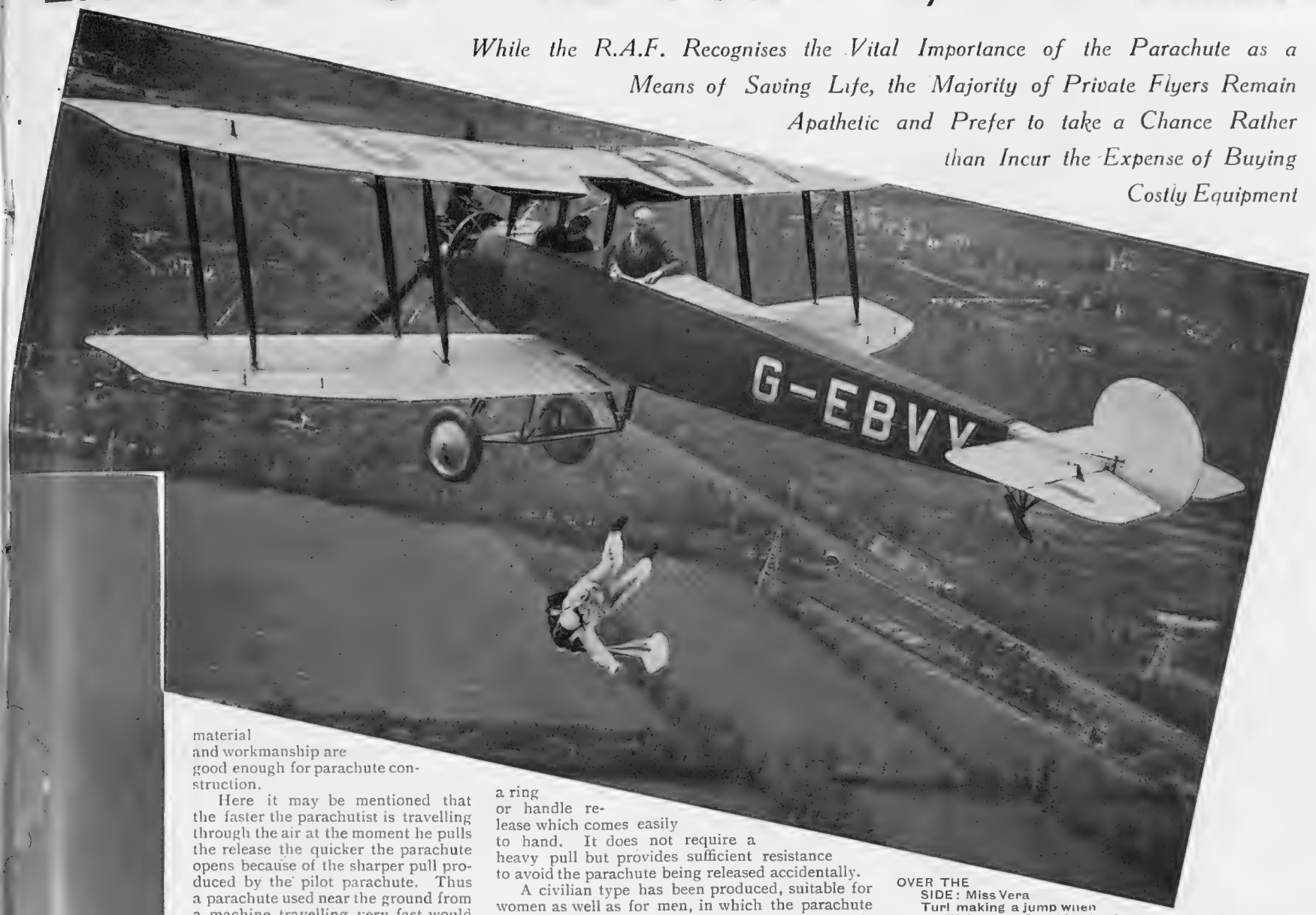
LANDING UNDER DIFFICULTIES: A scene at the Brooklands Parachute School, showing a pupil being held, after coming to earth, as a gust of wind threatened to drag him across the aerodrome

before he reaches the ground through being unable to breathe by reason of the speed of his fall, for the late Mr. John Tranum made a free fall of 15,250 ft. before opening his parachute and showed that the terminal velocity of the human body falling freely is no more than 119 m.p.h.

But a parachute must be able to stand far greater speeds than 119 m.p.h. Suppose a machine is diving uncontrollably at 400 m.p.h. —as it may well do if something serious occurs. At the moment the pilot jumps overboard he is travelling at the same rate as the machine. If he had time to wait before pulling the release, air resistance would gradually slow down his rate of fall to 119 m.p.h., but in practice this would never be possible, and usually his fall will hardly have slowed down at all before he must release his parachute. The silk of the parachute is able to withstand the tremendous strain of opening at high speed, and the harness distributes the shock over the human body, so that no ill effects are felt. Because of the strain imposed by high-speed opening, only the best

LIFEBELT OF THE AIR: By C. D. PALMER

While the R.A.F. Recognises the Vital Importance of the Parachute as a Means of Saving Life, the Majority of Private Flyers Remain Apathetic and Prefer to take a Chance Rather than Incur the Expense of Buying Costly Equipment



OVER THE SIDE: Miss Vera Turl making a jump when qualifying at Brooklands for a permit as a professional parachutist. It will be noted that her pilot parachute has just started to open

material and workmanship are good enough for parachute construction.

Here it may be mentioned that the faster the parachutist is travelling through the air at the moment he pulls the release the quicker the parachute opens because of the sharper pull produced by the pilot parachute. Thus a parachute used near the ground from a machine travelling very fast would have a better chance of saving life than one used from the same height from a machine travelling slowly.

A lifeboat is not proof against a lee shore, nor is a parachute capable of saving life if used very close to the ground, but so quick is the action of the modern parachute that many lives have been saved from heights below 300 ft. and some from as low as half that height.

The latest types of parachute have a ring or handle release which comes easily to hand. It does not require a heavy pull but provides sufficient resistance to avoid the parachute being released accidentally.

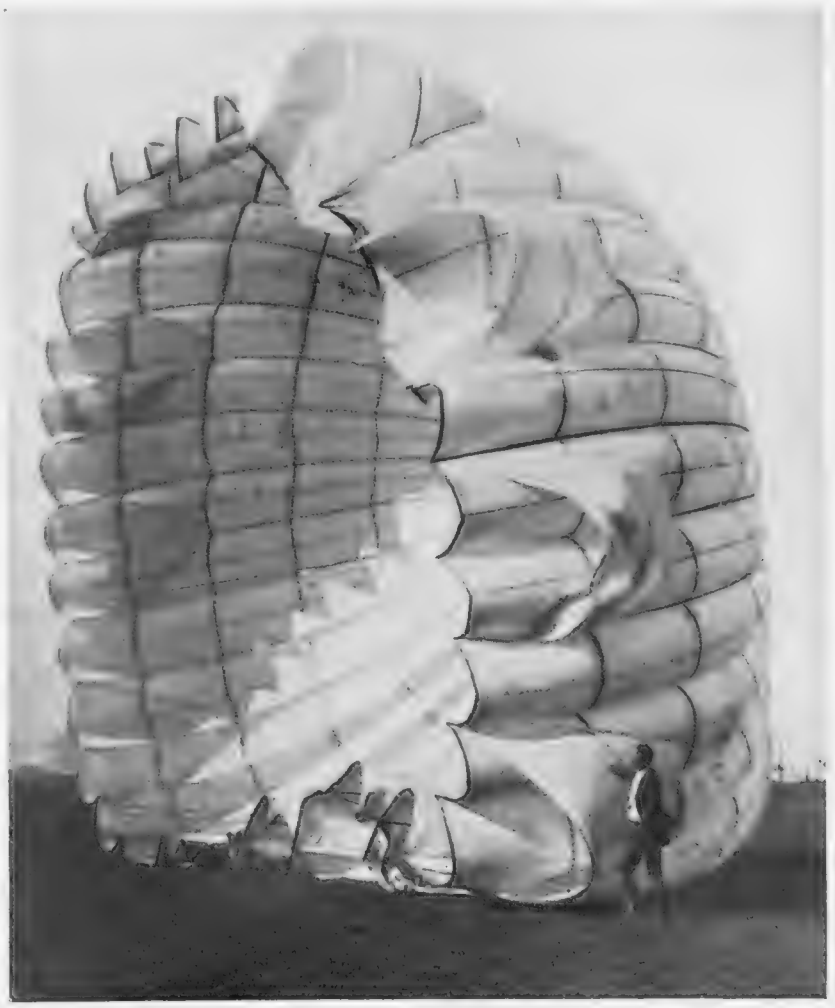
A civilian type has been produced, suitable for women as well as for men, in which the parachute is contained in the chair cushion. The passenger's arms are thrust through straps running down the back of the chair and it is only necessary to connect, by a quick connection, a strap which crosses the lap of the passenger. In emergency the passenger merely stands up and is then free to get out of the machine as best he or she can. The release is carried on the left hip, and the pull of the opening parachute tightens the harness and holds the wearer in a sitting position.

When a parachutist approaches the ground he is travelling horizontally at the speed of the surface wind. If this is strong he is liable to be dragged and may suffer serious injury if there are obstacles in his path. A quick release to enable him to get free of his parachute is essential and all modern parachutes are so fitted.

A parachute is steerable to a certain degree, and the rate of descent can be temporarily increased if the parachutist sees himself being carried towards obstacles or water. This is done by pulling on the shroudlines and spilling air out of the parachute. This requires some skill and must be done with care, for it is

(Continued on p. 448)

SAFE AND SOUND: A successful landing by a pupil at Brooklands Parachute School

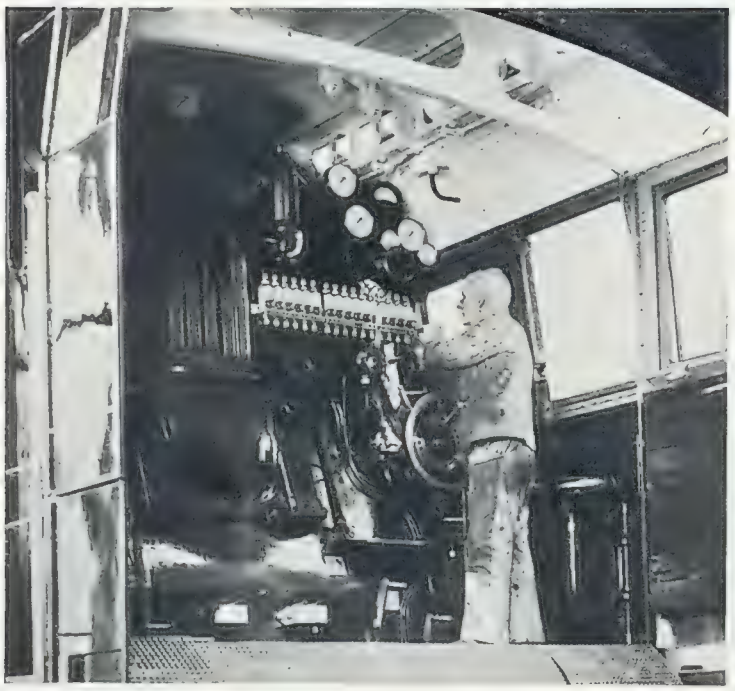


GUARANTEED TO OPEN: This elaborately constructed parachute was recently tried out in America and is claimed to be foolproof. It can be folded up to occupy an extraordinarily small amount of space

RIVALRY on the RAILROAD

German and British Streamlined Locomotives Out for New Records

THE GERMAN CHALLENGE TO BRITISH SUPREMACY: Two pictures of the new streamlined steam locomotive built at the Borsig Engineering Works for the German State Railways. It is claimed to be faster than the London and North-Eastern Railway Company's engine, Papyrus, which recently travelled at 108 m.p.h. and set up a new record for the Newcastle-London run. In the left-hand picture the doors at the front of the streamline casing, giving access to the engine, are shown open. Note the enormous size of the buffers



AT THE CONTROLS: The driver's cab on the German State Railways' streamlined monster. The elaborate switchboard with its many gadgets is in marked contrast to the severe simplicity of the exterior

SUPER-STREAMLING! A full-length view of the German engine showing how, except for the squat funnel, it is completely encased in steel, even the wheels being covered. It is 74 ft. long, and considerably wider than the average British locomotive

A NEW FRONTAGE: The G.W.R. engine, King Henry VII, seen after it had been fitted with a "bullet nose" and other modifications had been made in order to reduce wind resistance. As this is the centenary year of this railway it is not unlikely that this locomotive will be used to mark the occasion by beating the present speed record

STATE AID for SHIPPING

Owners of British Tramp Steamers, Unable to Compete with their Heavily Subsidised Foreign Competitors, Obtain Temporary Financial Assistance from the Government

By FRANK C. BOWEN

THE plan evolved by the shipping industry for a measure of State aid is to be fully discussed by Parliament in the near future, but up to now the most surprising thing to the layman has been the obvious fact that the great majority of shipowners themselves do not desire subsidies as a general policy, and that they have accepted the offer of the Government on the understanding that it is to be a temporary measure only. For many years past Britain has believed in the freedom of the seas, with the shipping industry working out its own salvation by its own enterprise, and practically all the prominent men in the business want to return to this as soon as the present crisis has passed. But the public really has very little conception of the terrible handicaps under which British shipping has struggled ever since the beginning of the slump thirteen years ago, handicaps without which the assistance of the Treasury would never have been sought, for the shipowner understands better than anybody else that State aid is never without serious disadvantages.

All through the slump British shipping has been fighting a steadily increasing measure of State aid abroad, until now there are only one or two flags besides ours which can claim to be practically unsubsidized, and they are countries which contrived to make huge fortunes out of shipping during the War, without having to consider Blue Book requisition rates or excess profits taxes, so that the Armistice found them with enormous resources to spend on new ships, and reserve funds which have seen them through the depression. All our keenest competitors receive help from their respective Governments, and the few maritime nations who do not can enjoy immunity from the strict and expensive safety regulations insisted upon by the Board of Trade, or have some other indirect advantage which can make all the difference to the balance sheet of a shipowner.

British State aid is to be confined to ships on the tramping service—that is to say cargo vessels which do not follow any regular route, but whose whole capacity is open to charter wherever business offers. Originally, this trade was essentially a British one, but nowadays foreign flags are beating us everywhere. The advantages enjoyed by these flags may be divided into two parts: In the first place for Greece, Latvia, Estonia, Panama, and other countries which did not dream of maritime power until a few years ago there is a very low standard of safety regulations laid down by the State, and that very easily evaded by the unscrupulous owner. Money is saved by limiting the insurance, by cutting down the number of men, their pay and victualling, and avoiding any extra expense on seaworthiness. In the second place, other tramping flags, conspicuously Spain and Italy, enjoy a direct subsidy from their Governments which permits them to undercut British quotations. Taking the amount voted by Parliament and the tonnage owned in the country, Spain pays about 30s. per gross ton per annum to all types of ship, and Italy pays a very heavy subsidy every year. This is divided into two parts, for the regular services which will be dealt with later and a navigation bounty to tramp steamers whose total it is very difficult to ascertain owing to the varied sums which are paid according to circumstances.

In addition to this direct and indirect State aid to tramps, there are the various subsidies to the regular lines which are now taking more and more of the tramp steamer's business in addition to competing with the British lines. Of all the subsidizing nations America goes the furthest.

America conceived her present shipping policy towards the end of the War, when the country was engaged in a gigantic national shipbuilding campaign for the help of the Allies during the submarine blockade, the United States Shipping Board being founded as a Government department to own and operate the ships built. But the War was over before very many of these ships were actually at sea and, instead of cancelling the contracts or selling them to private owners, the ships were all built, together with many more, and America set herself to regain the maritime position that she had enjoyed in the heyday of the clippers. The U.S. Shipping Board was the biggest shipowner in the world, and tonnage was chartered to private owners on very generous terms to persuade them to engage in the business. They took all the profits and Uncle Sam stood the loss. Altogether the American Treasury lost over £50,000,000 on State-owned tonnage, and it was not purely a domestic affair, for in their efforts to keep it at sea they had ruined private enterprise all over the world.

In spite of these huge losses they still persisted in their efforts, and the Jones–White Act of 1928 provided 250,000,000 dollars for cheap loans for new construction up to 75 per cent. of the total cost of each ship, and also provided very generous mail subsidies to keep them running which were out of all proportion to the services rendered, many of the schedules established and maintained by this means being quite unnecessary. Frequently American subsidised services ran in competition with one another and subsidy has had to be piled on subsidy to permit them to cut one another's throats. The generous State aid to transpacific ships is exemplified by the case of a certain vessel, which was paid £3,000 for carrying one bag of mail to Australia, and that is not an isolated case.

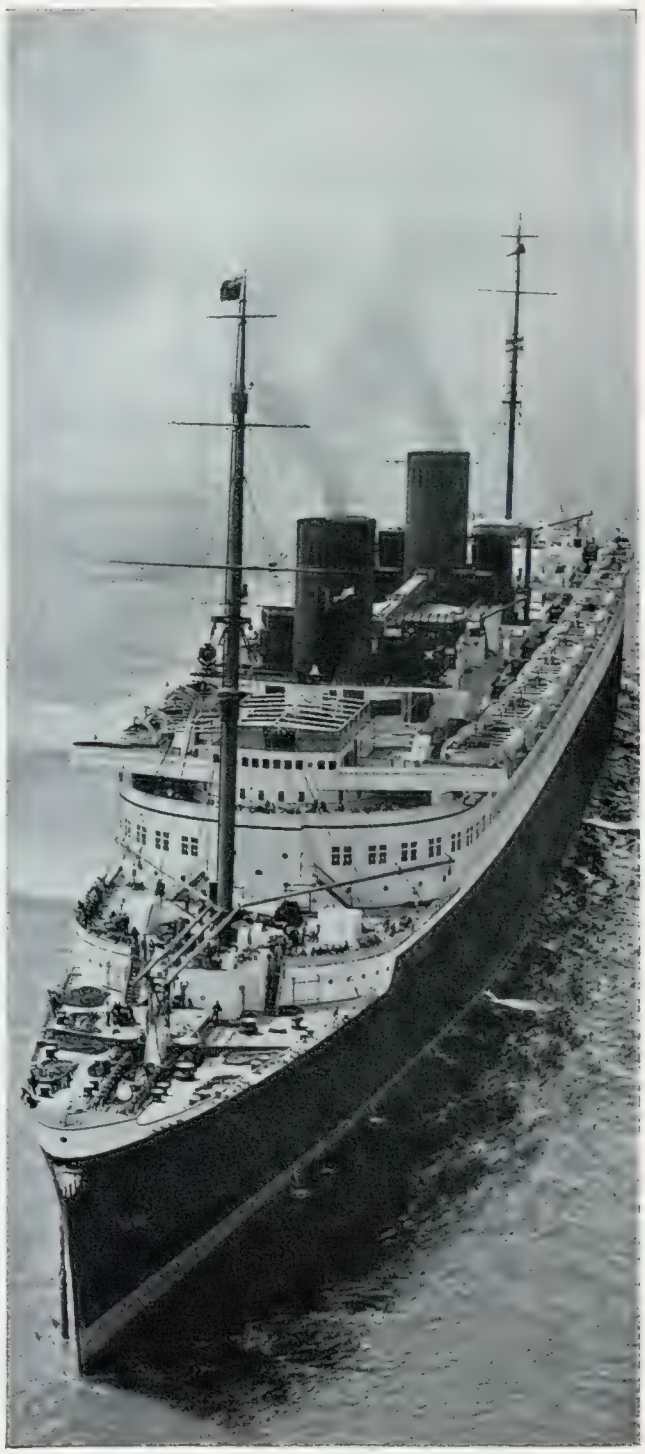
And while such ships are enabled by these subsidies to cut into the purely British trade between Australia and New Zealand, British transpacific ships are prohibited from carrying passengers or cargo between Hawaii and the United States under the American Coastal Reservation Law, one of their earliest, which strictly preserves the coastal trade to ships under the Stars and Stripes and which takes an extraordinarily wide view of what is covered by that term.

Close behind the United States in the generosity of her subsidies is Japan, whose ships are now to be seen all over the Seven Seas. Every one of the regular overseas services under the Japanese flag is maintained by arrangement with, and under subsidy from, the Government, which lays down very strict regulations in return for the assistance given. Their tramps, on the unsubsidised services, are looked after by long-term loans at very low rates of interest negotiated through the banks which are in the closest connection with the Japanese Government. Between 1920 and 1932 Japan lent no less than 185,500,000 yen for this purpose.

Italy's efforts on behalf of the tramps have already been mentioned, but she is even more generous in her subsidies to the regular liner services which were divided into two classes, "indispensable" and "desirable." These schedules include not only a large number in the Mediterranean and round the Italian coast, which are more or less domestic, but also others in direct competition with the British, to India, Australia, and the East. In the year 1932–3 the Italian subsidies for regular services amounted to roughly £4,230,000.

France has always believed in heavy subsidies and under the Acts of 1881 and 1893 not only encouraged shipbuilding but paid navigation bounties which made it worth the while of a French ship to sail right round the world without a ton of cargo. These were terminated towards the end of the War and French economists hoped that they would never be revived, but under the Tasso Act provision is made for a Navigation Bounty on a sliding scale according to the class of ship between 1934 and 1938.

The German Government supplied the money to rebuild the Merchant Service after its surrender under the Treaty of Versailles, and has granted big credit guarantees to the shipping industries ever since. There was no direct subsidy for the construction of the *Bremen* and *Europa*, but indirect Government help through the railways made a huge difference in their cost. Last year the Government launched a scheme to pay a navigation bounty of so much per ton for every day the ship was on service, and also 20 per cent. of the wages of the crew.



THE PRIDE OF THE GERMAN MERCANTILE MARINE: The North German Lloyd liner *Bremen*, one of the fastest ships on the North Atlantic

CONTRAST ON THE ATLANTIC HIGHWAY

The Stately Liner and the Lowly Tramp

From the Painting by MONTAGUE DAWSON

This example of the art of one of the most outstanding contemporary marine painters is of particular interest at the moment as the future of British tramp shipping is a subject of general discussion. During the slump the shipping industry has suffered as severely as any, and while passenger vessels have lately found their salvation in the vogue for cruising, many cargo ships have had to remain idle—a constant burden on the financial resources of their owners. Now the Government is going to subsidise the tramp to the tune of £2,000,000. Scientifically planned vessels with low running costs are to replace the older types, and everything possible is to be done to help them to compete on equal terms with the State-aided craft of other nations and to regain for Britain her pristine domination of the carrying trade of the world

THE
New
DUNLOP
'90'
DUNLOP FORT "90"
MADE IN ENGLAND
THE WORLD'S MASTER TYRE
C.F.H.

MISS PARIS, 1935

Amy Colin, who has been adjudged the most beautiful girl in the French capital, acknowledging the cheers after the announcement of her success

Blanche Montel and Huguette Duflos who are appearing in *Do, Mi, Sol, Do*—a recently produced play at the Michodière Theatre, Paris

SOLFEGGIO AT THE MICHODIÈRE

IS SHE NOT PASSING FAIR?

GOLDEN PROFILE: Shirley Ross, a Glasgow girl whose classic features have secured her a part in a Hollywood film. *Right*—Madeleine Carroll, who plays the lead with Robert Donat in the screen version of John Buchan's famous spy-thriller, *The Thirty-nine Steps*, which has just been completed at the Gaumont-British Studios under the direction of Alfred Hitchcock

Britain's Bloodstock Industry

The Supremacy of the English Thoroughbred Creates a World-wide Demand for Sires

By CHARLES GRAVES

NOT everybody realises the great importance to this country of English racehorses defeating the French and other invaders in the big races, whether handicaps or classics, during the Flat. Yet it is all-important that the supremacy of the British racehorse should continue paramount. The export of bloodstock to Australia, New Zealand, India, the Continent, the United States, and elsewhere is exceedingly valuable, being worth something over £500,000 a year to this country. Never a week goes by without horses with names familiar to thousands of racegoers departing for some distant port from where they will start their racing career all over again. No fewer than twelve of the placed horses in the English Derby have gone abroad in the past twenty-five years. Even one winner suffered the same fate. This was Captain Cuttle, who was sold by Lord Woolavington to go to Italy, the price he received being assessed at £50,000.

Those of you who won or lost money on Let Fly may be interested to know that he is in the Argentine. Australia has claimed Rossendale, who was placed in the Derby of 1921, as well as Treclare. Iliad is busy siring brilliant yearlings in New Zealand, where Paper Money is also flourishing. The United States is the home of Archaic, St. Germans, and Craigangower, while France bought Zionist; Peter the Hermit went to Russia, Shian Mor now lives in Japan, and Nassovian is also in the United States.

The highest price ever paid for an English-bred stallion to go abroad was the £53,000 for Tracery, who went to the Argentine. You may remember that he was re-imported to England some years later, but died a year after. It is a fact that between 6,000 and 7,000 thoroughbreds were exported from Great Britain and Ireland to various countries abroad, despite the slump between 1929 and 1933. The largest exportations are destined for India, where the Rajahs and others buy chiefly for racing. The United States and South America import chiefly with a view to breeding purposes. Countries to which the smallest number of horses go are Austria, Holland, and Rumania. Japan is not a large importer, but during the past five or six years our old friends—Athford, Dark Fire, Priory Park, and Mohawk—have been sent there for stud purposes. There is not much of a demand for steeplechasers abroad, and, in fact, very few of them leave England; but of good performers on the flat in the past eighteen months Artist's Proof went to France; Highborn II went to Poland; Royal Lancer, which gave R. A. Jones his winning ride in the Leger when he was an apprentice, has gone to South Africa; Blue Ensign is in the Argentine; Tremola is in Denmark; Violator went to Brazil; and Australia claimed Portofino.

It is difficult to arrive at average prices for horses exported, but taking all countries into consideration, about £500 or £600 would be near the mark. My authority is Mr. B. J. Hilliard, the Anglo-Irish agency in Bond Street, who exports 300 or 400 animals each year. This is about half the total number. When one considers that the number of horses in training for the Flat in any year is about 4,000, it goes to show that nearly one in five is destined to end his days abroad.

One of the curiosities in regard to racehorses is that there is nothing to tell you whether any individual animal will turn out well abroad or the reverse. Many of the most famous exportations have been hopeless failures in their new home, whereas animals that have been sold for as little as £100 have improved enormously and have won the richest stakes. Evidently the most careful examination for wind and limb is given to each horse before it is sent abroad; with a special reference to the feet and joints in view of the presumably hard going which they will find at their destination. Perhaps one of the biggest failures of recent years was Feridoon, which cost the Aga Khan £17,000 as a yearling, and was afterwards sold to France for £12. It is now drawing a horse-cab.

Racehorses generally acclimatise themselves to their new surroundings in something over three months, and the more patient the new owner the better chance the horse has of settling down. Some intelligent buyers will keep an animal a year before they run it. This self-restraint nearly always pays them. On the other hand there is an instance of a horse which was shipped 4,000 miles (a journey of a fortnight) and was run in a race two weeks after his arrival. What is more, he won the event and was promptly shipped back to England. He lost his form, though, and never caught the judge's eye again.

Prices vary enormously, according to Mr. Hilliard. The minimum for an exported horse is about £100. You cannot say this is much, since this includes delivery to the purchaser and all sorts of incidental expenses in the way of insurance certificates, travelling rugs, and transport to the dock. The truth of the matter is that about eight out of every ten horses exported are not considered good enough by their owners to justify the high expenditure of upkeep in this country. The other two are usually smart handicappers. Of course, I am talking about horses in training as opposed to stallions or brood mares.

Imported French, American, and Australian horses are the chief rivals to our own exportations in their new sphere. Germany hardly exports at all, and it is very seldom indeed that you find an Italian, Hungarian, or Rumanian racehorse far from its own home. It is good to know that the demand to-day for English and Irish horses has never been greater, and the bloodstock market is a thriving business. Australia, for example, is buying heavily once again. In 1931 and 1932 only eight thoroughbred horses were exported to Australia because of the slump. Since last autumn a reaction has set in. It was clear that pretty soon there would have to be an increase of imported young stallions in order to maintain the standard.

It is fortunate for the English and Irish bloodstock industry that within two generations of the original exported animal more of the old stock is necessary to maintain the breed. Racecourse enthusiasts will in consequence never be able to win or lose money again on Mediæval Knight, Manitoba, Lo Zingaro, Sans Peine (I had one or two nice wins on Sans Peine myself), Harinero, Madagascar, and Portofino. New Zealand breeders are also buying likely young sires; Wellington and Auckland are now the homes of Bylandshar and Myosotis. Foxbridge, who finished third in the Eclipse Stakes, has gone out to join them.

Every day Mr. Hilliard gets on an average ten cables asking him to complete the purchase of some racehorse for destined clients. There is, indeed, only one country in the world which does not import British racehorses at all, and that is China, where only pony racing takes place. It has happened that an Australian whaler has occasionally been imported and allowed to grow a shaggy coat like the Chinese ponies, and then has won races before discovery. General One-armed Sutton once told me of a case in point.

While the average price of animals going abroad is, as I have said, about £600 apiece, many have reached far higher figures. Diamond Jubilee went to the Argentine for 31,500 guineas, and M. Edmond Blanc paid 37,500 guineas for Flying Fox. In the Argentine particularly some of the big races have exceedingly rich stakes, so that it undoubtedly pays to import the best animals. Then what about Azucar, a most disappointing Irish horse (that is to say, disappointing when he was over here) who recently won the big race at Santa Anita in the United States from Twenty Grand and other famous American racehorses? The stake was over £20,000. Azucar is a very good example of an animal which has improved out of all recognition in its new surroundings, and once again shows that there is as much delightful uncertainty about the future of a horse exported for racing as opposed to stud purposes as there is in the purchase of expensive yearlings at the Doncaster and Deauville sales.

MAKING FRIENDS WITH THE FIRST OFFICER: His Majesty's horse, Fox-earth, seen in his box on the deck of the liner, *Port Chalmers*, before leaving London for Sydney, where he is now standing at the stud. His sire was Foxlaw—a winner of the Ascot Gold Cup

Last Week's Meeting at Cheltenham

OVER THE STICKS

Hunter Trials on a Kentish Farm

THE ASCOT OF STEEPLECHASING: The Covenanter, ridden by E. C. Brown, leading the field over the second fence in the National Hunt Juvenile 'Chase at Cheltenham. The outstanding event of the meeting was, of course, Golden Miller's convincing victory in the Gold Cup over his Grand National rival, Thomond II. This is the fourth successive time Miss Dorothy Paget's horse has won this race, and, even if he does not score again at Aintree, he is entitled to be regarded as one of the greatest performers of the century

THE WATER JUMP: Mrs. D. E. Walker clearing a difficult obstacle in fine style at the Hunter Trials of the Royal Engineers' Drag Hunt which were held last week at Islingham Farm, near Rochester, Kent

ROAD CODE

MR. HORE-BELISHA EXPLAINS: The Minister of Transport addressing the recently appointed area supervising examiners who met at his offices to hear his views on how the new driving tests for motorists should be conducted. *Right*—Captain Stewart, the chief examiner of applicants for licences, instructing a journalist where to drive before putting him through his paces. The latter subsequently wrote a report of his experiences and praised the tests for their fairness

THE NEW RULES: From now on the speed limit in built-up areas (i.e. districts in which there is a system of street lighting furnished by lamps not more than 200 yds. apart) has been fixed at 30 m.p.h., but in spite of this ruling motorists will find that they will have to use their own judgment to a great extent in interpreting the true purpose of the law. The picture on the *left* shows what cannot be mistaken for anything but an unbuilt-up area; that on the *right* is also unbuilt-up, but the drive gates leading to houses set back from the road are a decided source of danger and almost as much caution should be observed here as anywhere

SAFETY FIRST IN LONDON AND THE PROVINCES: *Left*—Guard rails erected in Derby in order to prevent "jay walkers" from leaving the pavement at a dangerous point and to guide them to the marked crossings. *Right*—A new barrier in the Strand, of a similar type to those used with great success in Wolverhampton during the past two years

How the Minister of Transport is Attempting to Solve the Nation's Traffic Problem

TO BE USED IN EVIDENCE: Police-constable House with some of the models he has constructed of every known type of car, and which are to be employed in future at Hendon Police Court to demonstrate the position of vehicles involved in court proceedings. They will be placed on a blackboard on which will be chalked a plan of the area where an accident or an offence has taken place. The system is likely to be widely adopted

A MATTER OF JUDGMENT: *Left*—As a rule it is advisable to proceed with care even when only on the outskirts of a built-up area, but in this particular case there is no need for the motorist to exercise more than ordinary caution, as wide grass verges beside the highway give him an opportunity to see in good time any lurking danger from pedestrians intending to cross. *Right*—A motor-cycle accident which took place recently in a clearly defined built-up area. Under the new regulations such mishaps should be reduced to a minimum, providing motorists do their best to assist the Minister of Transport in his work

A MODERN MARIUS AMID THE RUINS: Mr. F. V. Stone, of Tolworth, sitting beside his wrecked car after it had skidded and crashed into a lorry on the Watford by-pass

BUILT TO LAST: Workmen laying triangular iron paving on a section of the King's Road, Chelsea. It is claimed that this surface will considerably minimise skidding

DRAMA :

BY PRINCESS PAUL TROUBETZKOY

Keith Winter Strips Youth of its Charm and Displays it as Hard, Selfish, and Uncaring, in his Latest Play at the Shaftesbury : "Frolic Wind" Provides Sound Entertainment at the Royalty

DRAMA IN AN EAST AFRICAN BUNGALOW: Barbara Keeble (Beatrix Thomson) seeks to defend her husband from Captain Hunter (Dennis Wyndham) (*right*), who has been blackmailing Mr. Keeble. A scene from *There Go All of Us*, the thriller by John Hastings Turner at the Duke of York's Theatre

A FRIEND IN NEED: Barbara Keeble has won the sympathy of Sir Philip Holbrooke, K.C. (Matheson Lang), who decides to conduct her defence in her trial for the murder of Captain Hunter. Counsel and client, incidentally fall violently in love with each other

THE CLIMAX: Matheson Lang and Beatrix Thomson in the trial scene, which takes place in London after suspicion has been aroused as to the manner of Hunter's death. There are the customary duels between opposing counsel

IT is not often that an audience leaves a theatre sincerely demanding bright lights and gaiety, after a brilliantly acted play, but on all sides, in the foyer of the Shaftesbury Theatre I heard :

"Where shall we go? Savoy? San Marco? The Dorchester?"

"Anywhere! But let's go and *get cheerful!*"

Even Mr. Pepys would have omitted his "and so to bed" after watching *Ringmaster!*

Mr. Keith Winter has written a very curious and interesting play, but it leaves an unpleasant flavour.

Opposing decadence by sadistic generosity he steals normal pity for weakness by turning that weakness into something intangibly revolting. He strips youth of its adolescent charm and displays it hard, selfish and cruelly uncaring. As if gloating, he pins a woman's heart upon the script of his play as if it were a butterfly writhing in the last pang of a day the naturalist has ended. In some strange fashion, peculiarly his own, he warps all that he might admit of virtue into vice as if he were a showman, who, displaying a distorting mirror, bids the beholder grin at the human caricature reflected.

A SERMON ON CONTEMPORARY EUROPE: Mary Newcombe as the Salvation Army girl and Maurice Evans as the Professor of Greek in Bernard Shaw's *Major Barbara*, which has been revived for a three weeks' run at the Old Vic. Although the play was written over thirty years ago, it shows no signs of dating

The Ringmaster, Peter Hammond, is Laurence Olivier who has, unpleasant though it is, the part of a lifetime. He is the victim of an accident which has left him undisfigured, with the personality and influence of which he boasts, but otherwise paralysed and bound to a wheel chair. But from his wheel chair he is as greedy for his share of life as anyone of those who surround him, and as determined to obtain it.

He lives with a wife who has been almost a slave to him in his need and helplessness at "Redroof," a house turned by her initiative into a seaside hotel, to which comes Hilda Lester, a woman whose mirror holds for her no reassurance, and the West family, which consists of a mother with two sons, the younger of whom is Hilda Lester's lover.

Hilda is rich, and the young Julian in debt and distrustful of rescue from insolvency by either his mother or his elder brother George, whose stolidity he despises. Hilda therefore has been binding his affections to her by more material fetters than the ties of romance on the Devon coast. Peter, from his wheel chair, decides that though intrigue other than his own is permissible under his roof, financial advantage should not be obtained from the Lists of Love by so inexperienced a young Knight. Forcing young Julian to hand him the cheque given to him by Hilda, he, with charming generosity, lends him the necessary sum from his own banking account.

Julian's repentance, however, becomes complicated by the unexpected arrival of Hilda's young daughter, to whom he transfers his attentions, while Hilda, helpless and heartbroken, struggles to hide the tragedy of her position. That Peter, probing the pie of her affairs with delicate and deft fingering, continues to advocate that she must preserve her dignity, does little to help her. So in the calm Devon haven the storm commences to brew a rich poison, while the ringmaster waits for the moment to crack his whip.

Ann, his wife, becomes aware of his demoniac lust for meddling. She begins to realise that he avenges the physical crippling of his body by twisting the mentality of those over whom his personality gains influence. She turns in revolt to the quiet strength of George, with whom she plans to elope.

Faced with the loss of the one being for whom he has any respect or feeling, the cripple turns venomous in his attempt to hold his own. Defeated in his threatening, with the gesture of a metaphorical Samson, he pulls down the whole edifice of apparent peace, and, in one last attempt to destroy such shreds of happiness left to any of the unfortunate residents of "Redroof," destroys himself.

Laurence Olivier played the cripple magnificently. It seemed at first that the fact of his being always in the wheel chair, despite his swoops and shifts, slowed the action, yet as he brought the play carefully and steadily to its appalling climax the artistry of that slowness became the more apparent.

"Frolic Wind" at the Royalty has a slight similarity to *Ringmaster*, in that once again a strange collection of people are gathered together, tense in stormy atmosphere and country-house complications, awaiting the moment when they can have a jolly inhibition-casting competition.

But this adaptation from the novel by Richard Oke has been carried out in a merrier and healthier manner.

Four old ladies in the reactions from the code of behaviour to which they have been life-long slaves, reach the varying conditions of mentality tabulated and dissected by Freud!

One, the Lady Damaris—a good part at last for Miss Mabel Terry-Lewis—collects "lions" to roar at the week-end parties she arranges at the ancestral home "Pagnell Bois." Lady Bernice (Nina Boucicault) has the consolation of religious fervour: Lady Athaliah, the eldest, wisest and most formidable sister, retires to her locked tower to relax into collection mania

The fourth old lady, Cleone, is the heel of their Achilles of outward convention. She is wholly weak-minded as the result of throwing her bonnet over the mill in a youthful revolt against sterility, when with the assistance of her good-looking groom she provided her sisters with an unwanted niece.

When, as one of Lady Damaris' "lions" the groom returns, rich and famous but recognisable, the dinner party arranged for that evening becomes the reverse of the killing of a fatted calf!

The other lions are Miss Vuliamy, who writes of passion with a fervid pen but an ignorance of her subject which she is very anxious to remedy, and Mr. Charlecote, who paints the nude for the Academy and is prepared to study it by moonlight.

There is also the Princess Rosencrantz Guildenstern (Martita Hunt), scintillating with jewelled abandon, who has studied and applied her Freud in order to avoid the pitfalls of peaceful purity and disapproving General Tresmand, who has not studied Freud at all as a matter of English principle.

Such a jolly party! And when the storm breaks and moonlight bathing is interrupted by Lady Athaliah's death by lightning on the roof of her tower, all are so intensely upset—and interested—by her collection of *objets d'art* that even when her body is carried back to the house conversation does not cease for an instant. After which Miss Jewell, the unwanted niece, played by Veronica Turleigh, with a slight lack of convincement, and Mr. Charlecote (Basil Bartlett), the attractive artist, found themselves greatly relieved and able to go back to their moonlight bathing with the approval of all upon youthful zest.

MODERN CHINESE PAINTING

Demonstrated at the New Burlington Galleries

A MASTER OF BRUSH WORK

Professor Liu Hai-Su giving a demonstration at the exhibition of modern Chinese painting at the New Burlington Galleries. The ink which he used was over 200 years old

THE PICTURE TAKES SHAPE: Another study of Professor Liu Hai-Su, Director of the Shanghai Academy of Arts, demonstrating brush-work at the New Burlington Galleries Exhibition. The Professor, in discussing this unique art, says: "The use of ink and brush has always remained its foundation. Oil paint can be applied with a knife or a spray; but the ink which forms the foundation of most Chinese painting is never merely spread on. Every touch matters, be it bold or fine. A plain wash is used by some schools, it is true, but wash-drawing, properly speaking, is not the normal thing in Chinese art. Chinese painting is more like drawing with a brush on very absorbent paper than it is like ordinary English water-colour painting. The use of silk, which is less absorbent, enables effects of delicacy and precision to be obtained. Hence the great range of greys obtainable. For centuries the manipulation of the brush for writing has given every Chinese an initial advantage. The forms of Chinese characters are complicated; the styles of stroke—thick and thin—which a good writer must command are numerous. No wonder then that the Chinese have specialized in brush-work"

THE DWARF GRENADIER

Lithuanian Ballet at the Alhambra

HOODWINKED: A scene from "The Dwarf Grenadier," one of the principal items in the *Ballet of Lithuania* at the Alhambra. The recruiting sergeant (left) has arrived at a wedding breakfast, so in order to avoid conscription the bridegroom (centre) pretends to be a dwarf and his friends pose as cripples. To their great joy they are all pronounced unfit for military service. The music of this charming piece is by Thomas Preston, a British composer

Left—Vera Nemtchinova as the bride and Kelbauskas as the bridegroom in "The Dwarf Grenadier." *Right*—One of the original costumes for the ballet designed by B. Dobroujinsky

VERA NEMTCHINOVA in one of her delightful dances. The ballet ends with her "dwarf" bridegroom and his friends being forced to join the army, as the recruiting-sergeant returns unexpectedly and discovers the trick that has been played on him

The World of Books

Reviewed by
VERNON FANE

New Biographies of Garibaldi, General Gordon, and Thomas Cromwell : Miss Stella Gibbons Writes a Delightful Novel About Unimportant People

IN SEARCH OF COPY: Two studies of Mlle Maillart, author of *Turkestan Solo* which was recently published by Putnam's. She is at present travelling in China with Mr. Peter Fleming and collecting material for her next book. *Left*—Examining a hood worn by the Chinese during cold weather. *Right*—Sightseeing in Peiping

IT is curious to find, in a period in which history has been sedulously combed for colourful subjects, that no biography of Thomas Cromwell has been written for twenty years.

Perhaps he lacked the romantic rumbustiousness that embellishes the story of his master, Henry VIII, or the steady magnificence of his other master, Wolsey, but it was under his influence that Henry began to change the course of English history, and Wolsey lived to fear and feel his power.

The son of a publican, born in obscurity, he received early training as a man of affairs in travels that took him to all the important political centres of Europe. In Rome he was able to witness the beginnings of Luther's break with the Church; in Florence he was able to study at first hand the influence of the man upon whom he modelled his political aspirations—Machiavelli. A Renaissance politician, he achieved a position of magnificence and power second to none in the kingdom by the persistence with which he worked for his own brand of principles, and enjoyed Henry's confidence because the enrichment of the King's power was the basis of his policy.

In THOMAS CROMWELL (Heinemann. 15s.) Mr. Peter Wilding has made a thorough and at the same time extremely readable study of this remarkable man. It is a rich and satisfying biography, sparing his subject nothing, but at the same time revealing qualities which won for Cromwell a position in his own country second only to the King himself.

In that most prosaic of all centuries, the nineteenth, two men above all stood out as figures of romance—Byron and Garibaldi. The first was an English nobleman who fought and died for the liberty of Greece, the second was a rough seaman from Nice who fought and triumphed for the liberty and unity of Italy.

It is the latter whose almost unbelievable adventures are recounted by Mr. Paul Frischauer in GARIBALDI, THE MAN AND THE NATION (Ivor Nicholson and Watson. 18s.)

The legends of his Red Shirts sweeping across the plains of South America, and of the immortal thousand defying and conquering a kingdom, have surrounded Garibaldi with an aura of heroic mystery. Garibaldi the maker of a nation is well enough known, but Garibaldi the man is not.

His character was not that of a brutal adventurer, hardened to all horrors, for "whilst the bayonet thrust and hand-to-hand fighting were his favourite methods of combat," he yet "listened to the complaints of the flowers when their leaves sought space to breathe."

On one occasion when marching against an enemy who was expected at any moment to attack, he suddenly commanded a halt. Why? Because a nightingale had begun to sing, and he wished to stop and enjoy to the full the melodious notes which he loved so much, and had not heard for so long.

And yet an hour later he dealt a human being, a man of flesh and blood, a blow on the head with his naked sword! Here is an amazing personality, a man of savage courage, who spent his last days in writing poetry, and whose last act was to protect two wild birds who had flown into his room. An amazing personality and an amazing life.

General Gordon is the subject of a new book by Mr. Marcus Maclaren, which although it is written in the novel form is really a biographical, sketch with a background of contemporary figures and contemporary England which seems designed to throw Gordon's gaucheness into relief.

A complete lack of any of the social graces and compromises was a salient feature of General Gordon's character. There seemed to be no place in his austere life for anything but a fanatic devotion to duty and a deep religious sense which was to sustain him through many awkward, and some tragic, moments.

Women and gossip and entertainment, however, are not the main concerns of KHARTOUM TRAGEDY (Lovat Dickson. 7s. 6d.). There would, in fact, have been something undignified and faintly ridiculous in making them, even in fiction, play any great part in this astonishing man's life.

Gordon's Egyptian campaigns are by far the most absorbing reading in the book, and the author is more sure of himself when he has direct narrative to deal with. There is a confidence in the latter part of his book, for this reason, which is missing from the descriptions of Victorian society.

ENBURY HEATH (Longmans. 7s. 6d.) is not really much of a story, but it is by Miss Stella Gibbons and that, for one reader at least, is everything. The author of *Cold Comfort Farm* has not exactly "done it again," but that presumably was because she did not want to "do it again." Instead Miss Gibbons has written a delightful book about some of the least important people I have ever met, inside or outside a book.

In fact, the only tiny discomfort I felt in reading was a recurrent fear that Miss Gibbons did not think that her characters were quite so unimportant as I did.

Still, it is all the greatest fun, and since Miss Gibbons cannot fail to be witty in her own subtle and unquotable way it is most certainly worth reading. If you know Hampstead and the Vale of Health, you will find them again here, and you will find, too, that justice has been done to them!

Mr. Mark Hellinger is a New York, which is to say a Broadway, columnist.

Over here he is not yet very well known, and the explanatory notes at the beginning of his new collection of stories THE TEN MILLION (Bodley Head. 8s. 6d.) are very useful.

"There were two hundred rewrite men in New York alone who could turn out better copy than I. But there I was, the one mug who got the break.

"And here I am to-day, writing a column that is syndicated from coast to coast and read daily by several million people who enjoy seeing the English language mangled."

In fairness to Mr. Hellinger, there is less mangling than manhandling about his style. Words must be made to express what he is thinking, and if the words do not exist—or if, more probably, he cannot take the time to remember them—he will invent new ones. Often, one is reminded of O. Henry by the compactness and vigour of the little stories, none of which is longer than three or four pages.

Broadway wit is about as foreign to English standards as it is possible to be, and still this is an entertaining, surprising, and readable book.

Mr. P. S. Nazaroff has written the second half of the story of his escape from the Bolsheviks in MOVED ON (Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.). His first book ended with his arrival at Kashgar, which meant safety for him. This one is the tale of his journey from Kashgar to Kashmir, an almost incredible distance.

"I am at the goal of my wanderings," he writes, "I have reached the Vale of Kashmir . . . five years since that cold January night when I walked out of my home town, Tashkent. The time taken on my journey is comparable with that spent by Marco Polo, and the means employed the same, on foot, and on the backs of horses and of yaks."

This is a fascinating book, because it is the account of travels under almost insuperable difficulties, told with a nonchalance that is twice as effective as modesty, or rather that tiresome brand of "author's modesty" from which autobiographical work often suffers.

Mr. Nazaroff tells some amusing anecdotes. I liked his story of the Kashgar potentate, known as the Ti Tai, whose inhuman cruelty was only equalled by his gullibility.

"One day he asked a Swedish engineer: 'Has your king got a palace like mine?' 'No,' replied the Swede truthfully. 'Our king certainly has not a palace like yours.' 'And what does your king do when it is raining, and the water comes through the roof?' 'The same as you," imperturbably replied the engineer. 'He puts a basin under the hole to catch the drips, and then mops up the water off the floor.'"

LANDTAKERS (Cassell. 8s. 6d.) is another of these big books. It is about a hundred thousand words long, it deals with the territory of Queensland, and it has for theme the conflict which existed in the early eighteen-forties between the first of the free settlers and the old type of the penal settlement.

Recently size has become almost synonymous with a certain measure of success, but there are better reasons than that for reading Mr. Brian Penton's book. He has been able, on the immense canvas which he has chosen, to sketch in a really credible figure, a man who is symbolic of the early settlers in their courage, toughness, and perseverance.

This Cabell is typical, too, in his parentage—the son of a Dorset squire and an Irish woman—for the pioneers of that harsh country were of every race. He was typical, too, in his purpose. He came over from England to make a fortune and return to England with it, and not primarily to settle in the country. There were hundreds like him whose object was quick money, and who landed in Australia with no intention of developing the land or living on it, and from it.

Australia claimed them all. Some went under and were lost in the struggle for existence, which was often in those days a matter of sheer physical endurance. Some, like the Cabell of the book, live to say:

"A man might want to go back where he had been happy, but it would stop at that. Where he's had his hard times . . . that is where he stays . . ."

This is a simple but a powerful book. There is no sentimentalising over heroism or tragedy, but a straightforward story of realities.

A BOOK LIST

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LOUIS XIV CONFERRING THE ORDER OF THE SAINT-ESPRIT ON HIS BROTHER, THE DUKE OF ANJOU: This picture by Philippe de Champaigne, the famous seventeenth-century Flemish painter, is one of the principal works of art from the Grenoble Museum now on view at an exhibition at the Petit Palais in Paris. The artist, who assisted Nicolas Poussin in the decoration of the Luxembourg, is well represented both in the Louvre and National Gallery. One of his best known works is his trinity of portraits of Cardinal Richelieu on one canvas

MASTERPIECES FROM GRENOBLE MUSEUM

On View at a Paris Exhibition

"SAINT GREGOIRE": A section of an enormous painting by Rubens, which was brought to France from Antwerp during the time of Napoleon. It was as a result of the efforts of Jean-Louis Jay, a man of indefatigable energy in the service of the arts, that the Emperor's permission was obtained to place the picture in the Grenoble collection

"LA SAINTE FAMILLE": A detail from a canvas by Palmegiani; one of the finest paintings of the early Italian school in the Grenoble Museum. It is almost identical with a picture by the same artist in the Bréra Museum at Milan, and differs only in certain unimportant details

"THE DOGE OF VENICE CARRIED BY THE GONDOLIERS THROUGH ST. MARK'S SQUARE AFTER HIS ELECTION": A vivid picture by Francesco Guardi, a Venetian artist of the eighteenth century who excelled both as a painter of the architecture of his native city and as a portrayer of lively scenes in its streets. He was a pupil of Canaletto, and this example of his art is now being shown in Paris at the exhibition of masterpieces from the Grenoble Museum

"ADORATION OF THE MAGI," BY FRANCISCO DE ZURBARAN, the seventeenth-century Spanish artist whose many religious paintings are distinguished by a note of sincere piety. He was a friend of Velasquez, with whose works his own show some affinity, and has been called the Spanish Caravaggio on account of his naturalistic style

OLD MASTERS AT THE PETIT PALAIS

Outstanding Works from a Provincial Museum on Exhibition in the French Capital

AMONG the many interesting exhibitions now being held in Paris that of the "Masterpieces from the Grenoble Museum," at the Petit Palais, has been meeting with great success: indeed, it may justly be proclaimed one of the most imposing ever held at this museum.

This is the first of a series of important shows which the curator, Monsieur Raymond Escholier, intends organizing at the Petit Palais. In order to present the 347 paintings, 22 sculptures, and 38 objets d'art from the Grenoble Museum, Monsieur Escholier was obliged to more or less evacuate the whole of the Petit Palais. As typical of the enthusiasm and energy of this very enterprising curator, he did not hesitate in doing so. He further proposes to show us not only a selection of masterpieces belonging to various museums, but also a series of the ensemble of several provincial museums of France.

Three-quarters of a century ago Clement de Ris, on a journey in discovery of the provincial museums of France, wondered at their little-known wealth and returned to assure the public that "if the Louvre perished, one could, in all truth, form an equally great collection from the provinces." If the masterpieces from the Grenoble Museum are in any way representative of what are in the possession of other provincial museums of France one cannot refute this seemingly exaggerated statement.

The few pictures mentioned herewith are outstanding exhibits at the present Petit Palais show.

Two paintings of Venice by Canaletto and Guardi are representative of the refined art of the Italian school. "Vue de Venise," by the former, is remarkable for the way the subject has been "spread" over this large canvas. Guardi, on the other hand, has most cleverly succeeded in painting such an expansive subject on a canvas almost a quarter of the size. For quality of painting this picture may be claimed one of his masterpieces. The scene represents the Doge of Venice being carried out by gondoliers, after his election, on to the Square St. Mark.

The enormous "Saint Gregoire, Pape, entouré de saints," a canvas by Rubens, is the principal example of Flemish painting and great attraction of the exhibition. The history of this picture is an interesting one. It was commissioned by the Pères de l'Oratoire for the Chiesa nuova di Santa Maria in Navicella in Rome. When finished, in 1607, this work was found impossible to place over the high altar it was desired to adorn, so Rubens was obliged to paint another composition, a triptych, which may still be seen in this church. Having tried in vain to sell his first painting to the Duc de Mantoue, who refused to purchase it on a pretext of lack of money, Rubens eventually took it back with him to Antwerp. He was still in possession of it when his wife died in 1626, so he placed it in the funerary chapel of the Abbey of Saint Michel d'Anvers, where

(Continued on p. 450)

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THE LIFEBELT OF THE AIR

(Continued from p. 431)

possible to spill too much air by injudicious pulling on the lines and so cause the parachute to collapse.

Why are parachutes not used more generally by private owners of aeroplanes? In England only a very small percentage of private and club machines are so equipped though the numbers are definitely if slowly increasing. Expense may be partly the cause, for parachutes are by no means cheap since they have to be made of the very best material. But their cost is only a fraction of the cost of an aeroplane and the extra security is well worth while. As regards cabin machines there is a feeling that it would be impossible to get clear of the machine in an emergency because the doors could not be opened in the rush of air and that in any case it would be difficult to get through the doorway wearing a parachute.

This is purely a matter for the aircraft constructor. Machines can be built with wider doors which can be arranged so that they fall off completely on the pulling of a lever and successful tests have been made with machines so fitted. The demand, if it existed, would soon create the supply but the truth is that the general run of private owners and club members are apathetic. Those who fly open cockpit machines, which can be fitted with parachutes quite easily, are as content as the owners of cabin machines to fly round crowded aerodromes and do all sorts of aerobatics trusting to luck that no emergency will ever arise. They rely entirely on their own skill to avoid a collision and make no allowance for the unskilled or reckless pilot they may one day encounter. In eighteen years of varied flying with a parachute one pilot has never had occasion to use it, yet cases can be quoted of others who have saved their lives the very first time they have put one on.

In France there is a different outlook. Many private and club machines, even cabin machines with no special arrangement for getting out quickly, have parachutes of some sort. We British are apt to regard the French as being inclined to take risks, but in the matter of parachutes they certainly have a very clear idea of safety first.

The advocates of parachutes maintain that just as liners are compelled to carry life-saving appliances for all passengers so should aircraft be compelled to carry equipment giving similar opportunities to theirs. They look forward to the time when aircraft will be compelled under the terms of their licences to carry parachutes for all on board, for they hold that the record of parachutes for life saving cannot be ignored, and that eventually the public will demand that they be provided.

OLD MASTERS AT THE PETIT PALAIS

(Continued from p. 446)

his mother and wife were buried. There it remained in comparative obscurity until the conquest of Antwerp by the French armies, who brought it back to Paris. Then Jean Louis Jay, a man of indefatigable energy in service of the arts for the founding of the Grenoble collection, and who had the good sense to place himself in the way of the Emperor on several occasions and so obtain the authorization to draw from the *spolia opima*, had it sent down to his museum, where it has since remained the pride of the collection; a monumental work proved to be by the unique hand of Rubens himself.

But the true worth of the masterpieces from the Grenoble Museum lies with the paintings of the Spanish school; if in the Zurbarans alone, which may be classed amongst the most important works by this master. The four here exhibited were painted for the Chartreuse de Xérès, probably between 1633 and 1639. They were bought in Spain by the Baron Taylor for King Louis Philippe, and exhibited in the Louvre hardly a century ago. In 1904 General de Beylié acquired them from Madame la Comtesse de Paris and presented them to the Grenoble Museum.

All four pictures are works of art of the rarest quality. One would have to go to Seville to see one picture, "L'Apothéose de Saint-Bonaventure," which alone can rival the "Annonciation" and "Adoration des Mages," the latter a crowning example of Spanish religious art of the highest order.

GENEVA RE-VISITED

(Continued from p. 426)

time the shadow of a new trouble was beginning to lengthen over the Council Chamber, Abyssinia! "Another Manchuria!" This was already the phrase on the lips of the pessimists and League critics. The League, they said, would not be able to weather this new storm of the Italo-Abyssinian dispute. Between now and the next meeting of the League Council it will be possible to know whether the pessimists will be justified or confounded.

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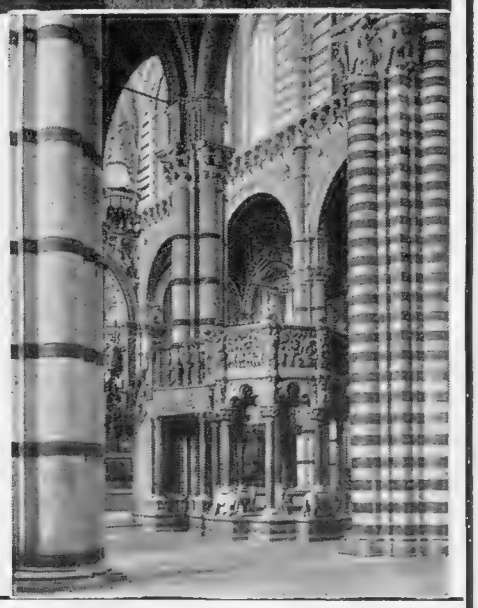

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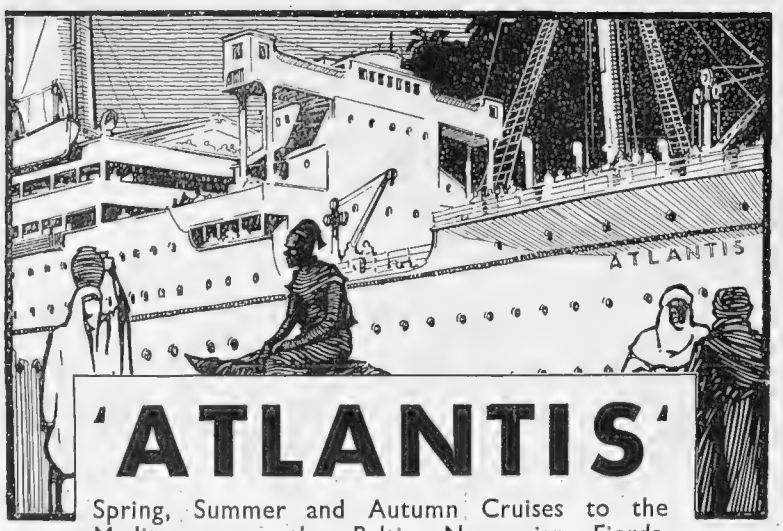

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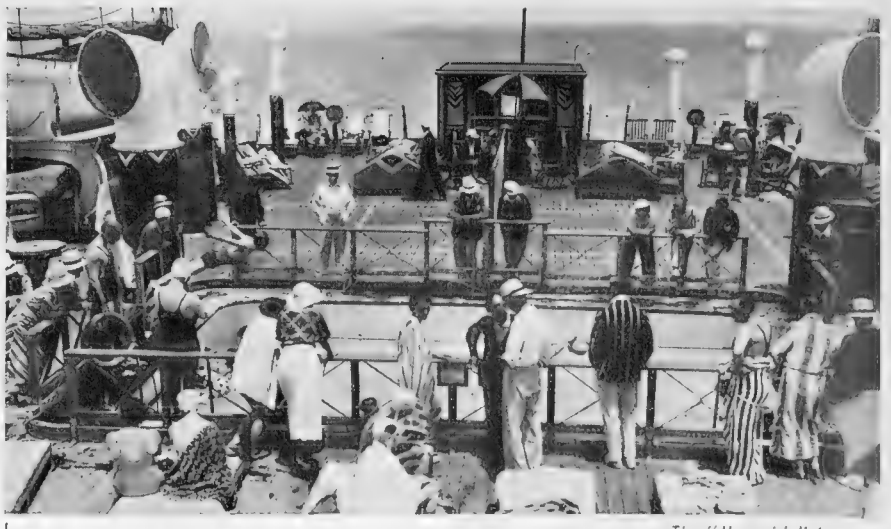

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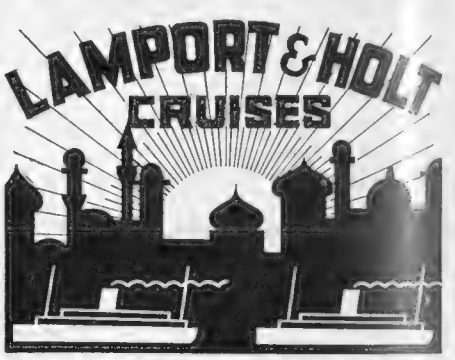

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BIRTHPLACE OF "THE MAN OF DESTINY": A scene on the quay at Ajaccio, Corsica, the town where Napoleon was born in 1769 and which is now frequently visited by cruising liners

Sailing Towards Summer

Cruising Ports of Call in the Mediterranean

IN how short a time have we come to accept the cruising holiday as one of the natural and expected amenities of modern life! Look back to the guide-books of ten or fifteen years ago and you will certainly find that it was relatively easy to arrange passages to and from the principal ports of call in the Mediterranean, but the pleasure cruise *per se* was practically unknown. Think how many of the place names which now trip so familiarly off our tongues were then as remote as if they had been situated in Central China!

Majorca, for instance. How many people knew fifteen years ago that Majorca was really the delectable place that Chopin, in the more buoyant intervals of his association with George Sand, had acclaimed it to be? How many people knew that Palma was the capital of Majorca, and to how many did that name evoke a memory of a wide bay and a town dominated by the flank of a splendid sandstone cathedral which glows in the sun as if it had been absorbing sunlight since the very time, 700 years ago, when its first foundations were laid?

Then there is the Spanish Coast—Malaga and Granada. The approach to Granada from the north, by train, is complicated and tedious. But from Malaga it is a magnificent four-hour motor drive through mountain country, a worthy introduction to what must be one of the most beautiful places in the world. And Granada is important not on this account alone, but also because it brings home to one more vividly than book teaching ever could, the tremendous significance of Spain's struggle against Moorish domination. Well might Charles V, surveying these pillared courts and lovely gardens, these fountains and streams and marble pools, say "Unhappy he who had to leave all this." Even the visitor of a single day, when he turns to go, may feel some faint, far echo of the same sadness.

Most Western Mediterranean cruises include a visit to, at any rate, one place on the African coast. It is something of an adventure, if you choose to look at it like that, to be setting foot on another continent, the continent at the opposite extreme of which is Cape Town. Tangier, being in a zone that is administered internationally, is not very different from European towns, except in the native quarter. Ceuta, on the other hand (the "Pillar of Hercules," which is complementary to Gibraltar on the other side of the Straits), is extraordinarily picturesque, and in a way that is free from European influence. About twenty miles inland is Tetuan, and here you really can absorb something of the atmosphere of Moorish civilization as it is to-day. Once in the Arab quarter you will feel very far removed from the life of Europe, and yet a few hours later you can be back in the familiar surroundings of your ship, ready for the next place on the itinerary.

East of Sicily the Mediterranean seems to take on a new character. You are getting towards those parts which saw the dawn of civilization in Europe. In Malta, for instance, you soon find yourself inspecting the archæological evidences of 4,000 years ago with much the same attention that you would give to an Elizabethan cottage in England. At Segesta, a few hours' motor run from Palermo, in Sicily, you may see a magnificent, although unfinished, Doric temple of the fifth century B.C. Athens, of course, can yet give you a living impression of what a Greek city must really have looked like, while the Greek islands will evoke earlier associations than those of rebel warships in flight. Are not these the isles of "Burning Sappho?" Is not Rupert Brooke buried here? Did not Byron perish for Greece?

Nothing is more satisfying than to visit these waters in the spring months, and nothing is better anywhere than the approach to Istanbul through the Sea of Marmora. Times have certainly changed in Turkey, and even the harmless fez has yielded before the apparently dynamic, western significance of the bowler hat. But Istanbul, seen from the Bosphorus, still retains its ancient grandeur—domes and minarets still glitter jewel-like in the sun. Its finest treasure architecturally, of course, is the Great Mosque, formerly the church of Santa Sophia. Your guide is sure to tell you, but it is worth knowing in order to be ready for him, that there are sixteen serpentine columns in the nave which once belonged to the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, and eight porphyry ones from the Temple of Apollo at Delphi and of Pallas Athene.

Rhodes and Cyprus are both islands of great charm and considerable historic interest, and while you feel that they still, in a way, belong to Europe, you are now on the very threshold of the East—Beyrout, Haifa, Jaffa, Port Said, Alexandria: see them once and you have endowed their names for ever with a vivid reality.

But nothing has been said yet about the Adriatic Sea, the beautiful Dalmatian coast, and this is one of the parts which passengers usually like best. Primarily, I think because its beauty, although remote, is yet familiar; the hills are wooded with trees of kinds we know, the buildings, for the most part with an extraordinary mellowness of age about them, are in architectural styles that we can recognise. Cattaro, a delightful place, the southernmost port of Dalmatia, is approached through a network of bays and gulfs and channels, and when finally you come upon it you find it surrounded, apparently on all sides, by picturesque mountains.

Split, backed by an amphitheatre of hills, reveals the enormous outline of Diocletian's Palace, in the ruins of which the present town has been largely built. A thing to be sure of seeing here is the admirable Corinthian temple of Esculapius—one of the finest examples of that style anywhere in Europe.

Then there is Ragusa, a truly lovely place; an old town high on a promontory overlooking the sea, with vineclad mountains rising behind it and many fruit gardens and shady walks. . . . Ragusa was a flourishing republic in Queen Elizabeth's time, as flourishing as Venice. . . .

So one can go on, recalling this place and that, letting one's reflections wander. For the discriminating voyager of to-day travel still stands up to the definition of it by a seventeenth-century writer: "in the Younger Sort, a part of Education; in the Elder, a part of Experience."

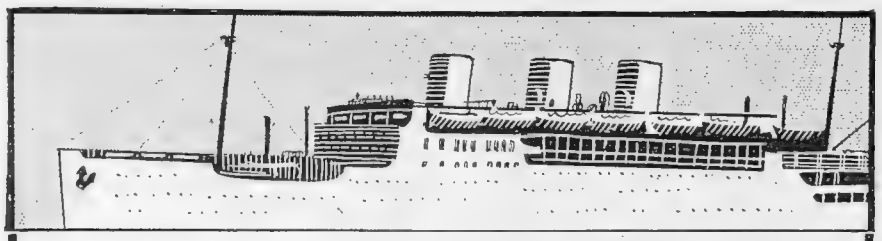
A. G.

A HOME AMID THE HILLS: The Hotel Formentor on the island of Mallorca—a favourite resort of holiday-makers

THE SIXTEENTH-CENTURY CHURCH AT CALVI: One of a number of places of interest in this ancient Corsican seaport

MEDIEVAL RHODES: A street scene in the famous Aegean Island, once the stronghold of the Knights of St. John

WHERE GREW THE ARTS OF WAR AND PEACE: Tourists at the Lion Gate, one of the entrances to the city of Mycenæ



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L.A.

IN A MOROCCAN HOLY CITY: A bazaar in Fez

WHERE THE

Those two excellent Canadian Pacific liners *Duchess of Richmond* and *Duchess of Atholl* (20,000 tons), will both be cruising during April. The former, from 6th to 24th, going to Corunna, Lisbon, Barcelona, Naples,

THE CITY OF THE DOGES: A picturesque corner of Venice

Malta, Ceuta and back to Liverpool; the latter, from April 18 till May 8, to Algiers, Messina, Athens, Tripoli, Naples, and Lisbon. In both cases the starting and finishing point will be Liverpool. Fares are from 29 and 34 guineas respectively.

Later the *Montclare* and the *Montrose* (16,400 tons) will be doing a series of short cruises to the western Mediterranean and the Atlantic islands, such as proved very popular last year. The first of these leaves Liverpool on May 18 and visits Lisbon, Gibraltar, Tangier, Barcelona, and Malaga. She will be away thirteen days and the minimum fare is £12.

The *Moldavia* (17,000 tons, P. and O. line) has an attractive short cruise to the Mediterranean, leaving London on April 18, and going to Cadiz, Algiers, Naples, and Corunna, and back to Southampton on May 3. The next day she leaves again; this time for thirteen days, going to Madeira, Teneriffe, Vigo, and Corunna; and again on May 18, for the same period, to Barcelona, Palma, Algiers, and Corunna. Fares in all cases are from £12 or £14.

The *Strathaird* (22,500 tons), another P. and O. boat, leaves London on May 10 for the Eastern Mediterranean, returning May 31. This is a very interesting cruise, touching at Malta, Alexandria, Port Said, Rhodes, and Athens among other places. The minimum fare is £20 tourist and £33 saloon class.

P. and O. have a further extensive programme throughout the summer, including cruises to the Baltic which is a popular cruising ground later on in the year.

The *Lancastria* (17,000 tons), one of the Cunard White Star boats, is going on a nine days' cruise to Madeira at Easter time, leaving on April 18. The cheapest rate quoted for this is £11. A slightly longer cruise by the same boat starts on May 11 and calls at Ponta Delgada, Madeira, Las Palmas, and Casablanca. The minimum rate, £16.

For the *Doric*, at Easter time, is scheduled a "Scholars' Wonder Cruise."

There is also a *Doric* cruise to Casablanca, Las Palmas, Santa Cruz, and Madeira, leaving on May 25 for thirteen days, fares being from £12 upwards.

An outstanding cruise by another Cunard White Star liner, the 35,000-ton *Homeric*, leaving on April 18 for sixteen days, includes visits to Monte Carlo, Naples, Palermo, Algiers, and Lisbon. This cruise will carry first-class passengers only.

The Norddeutscher Lloyd liner, *Columbus* (22,565 tons) leaves Southampton on April 4 for a fourteen days' cruise to the Atlantic Islands, while an Easter cruise by the same liner, starting from Bremen on April 18, takes in Cadiz, Casablanca, Madeira, and Lisbon. A third cruise, leaving Southampton on May 3 for eleven days, takes in Lisbon, Gibraltar, Ceuta, Madeira, and returns to Bremen. Minimum fares in all three cases are in the neighbourhood of 15 guineas.

It is to be noted also that the Norddeutscher Lloyd also runs cruises starting from various points in the Mediterranean, and two forthcoming ones by the *General von Steuben*, from Venice (April 24) and Genoa (May 28), are going to Greece and the Atlantic islands respectively.

The Amazon Cruise of the Booth Line is certainly one of the most enterprising undertakings in the whole history of pleasure cruising. The *Hilary* leaves from Liverpool and goes as far as Manaos. Much of the territory inland from both banks of the river has never been explored at all, and such a journey offers an opportunity for seeing the interior of Brazil that is without parallel. Everybody who makes this trip speaks very very highly of the comfort and efficiency with which it is organised. Fares are from £75 upwards, and the next sailing is on April 5.

The *Orford* (Orient Line) is leaving on April 18 for Naples, Athens, Port Said, Alexandria, and Lisbon, and again on May 11 for Philippeville, Istanbul, Greece, Sicily, and Gibraltar. These are twenty-two and twenty-day cruises respectively, and the minimum fare is in the neighbourhood of 35 guineas.

The *Orontes* leaves on May 4 for a twenty-day cruise visiting Venice and the Adriatic coast, and again on May 25 for Majorca, the French Riviera, Naples, and Ceuta. This is a seventeen-day cruise, and the fares are from 27 guineas.

The Orient Line has also developed an enterprising scheme of interchangeable tickets for short sea voyages to Mediterranean ports, which is well worth going into when planning a holiday.

On April 6 the Royal Mail cruising liner, *Atlantis* (16,000 tons), starts on a twenty-three day cruise to the Eastern

IN VILLEFRANCHE HARBOUR: Liners at a popular cruising port of call on the French Riviera

CRUISING LINERS GO

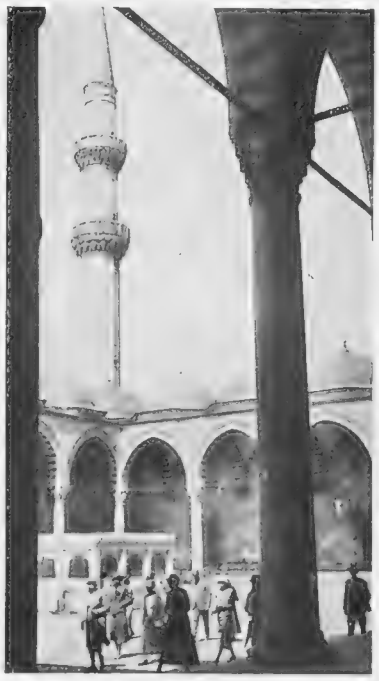
An Itinerary of the More Important Spring Sailings

Mediterranean, at a minimum fare of 39 guineas. On May 3 she leaves again for Tangier, Tarragona, Barcelona, the French Riviera, Rapallo, Elba, Palermo, Palma, Gibraltar, and Vigo. This will take nineteen days. Yet a further cruise, of eighteen days, starts on May 24, and goes to Ceuta, Naples, Messina, Malta, Biserta, Tangier, and Lisbon. This ship carries only first-class passengers, and the minimum fares for the two latter cruises are 32 and 30 guineas respectively.

The regular fortnightly Royal Mail service to South America offers an admirable means of visiting Madeira and the Canaries. The journey takes four or five days and the boats leave on a Saturday.

The cruising liners of the Lamport and Holt Company, *Voltaire* and *Vandyck* (13,250 tons) are both in service, and the *Voltaire* is sailing on April 18 from Southampton for Morocco, the French Riviera, Italy and Portugal. This cruise will last eighteen days and the minimum fare is 22 guineas. A twenty-three day cruise (minimum fare 28 guineas) by the same boat leaves on May 11 and will visit the Balearics and the Dalmatian coast.

In the near future the *Vandyck* has got two Mediterranean cruises scheduled, both of eighteen days, one visiting Gibraltar, Barcelona, Rapallo, Civitavecchia (for Rome), and Ceuta, and the other visiting Tangier, Palma, the French Riviera, Corsica, and Lisbon. Their respective starting dates are April 18 and May 18. Fares are from 22 guineas upwards



TO THE WARRIOR SULTAN: The courtyard of the mosque in Istanbul, which is dedicated to the memory of Suleiman the Magnificent—the ruthless Turkish ruler who conquered Hungary and, in 1532, almost captured Vienna

'NEATH THE WINTER SUN: The white-hulled Canadian Pacific liner, *Empress of Australia*, at anchor off Monte Carlo during a recent world cruise. A view from the promenade

Who has ever seen the *Arandora Star* of the Blue Star Line without desiring to cruise on her? She is now on her way back from a long tour in the East, and on April 17 will be leaving for Morocco, Sicily, the Dalmatian coast, Venice, Malta, Algeria, Gibraltar, and Spain. This is a twenty-four days' cruise, and the fares are from 44 guineas upwards. Another cruise, slightly shorter, starts on May 15, and will take in Morocco, Malta, Sicily, Italy, Barcelona, and Lisbon.

COCKTAIL TIME on the terrace of a well-known hotel in Madeira

The Ellerman City Line's schedule of cruising holidays this year does not start until the end of June, but there are a number of well planned cruises projected for the summer months, covering the Western and Eastern Mediterranean and the Atlantic Islands, and the *City of Nagpur* is always a popular boat.

The 6,000-ton *Stella Polaris* (B. and N. Line) is setting out from Harwich on May 14. She will visit Algeria, Palestine, Egypt, and Spain this time, and will be away just over a month. The minimum fare on this luxury cruise is £47.

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Europe's Atlantic Outposts

To Madeira and the Canary Islands via Lisbon

ON THE QUAY AT LISBON: Picturesque Portuguese fishing boats

A visit to the Canary Islands or Madeira is usually either preceded by or concluded with a visit to Lisbon. At the mouth of the Tagus you enter a country rich in the traditions of a great past, and at the same time unobtrusively, yet genuinely, progressive in a modern, European sense. Its telephone service, for instance, is just now in process of becoming one of the best in the world—but that is apart from the point. Estoril, which the boat passes, provides the most obvious point of contact with cosmopolitan Europe, and there you find an up-to-date resort with many new buildings—villas and hotels and a casino—established between the golden line of the sands and the wooded hills of the hinterland, only a little way from Lisbon.

As Lisbon itself was almost entirely destroyed by an earthquake in 1755 there is not much remaining from the earlier pioneer centuries, when the colonising fever of the Portuguese, and their magnificent seamanship, made them known in all parts of the world. But you do see the point (just below Lisbon it is, on the left bank) where the intrepid Vasco da Gama set out on his great voyage of discovery.

Sailing up the river you also see the heights of Cintra away to the left, crowned by the ruins of a Moorish castle, and a visit to these wooded hills, with their royal residences and splendid parks, is the chief excursion from Lisbon.

Madeira has been so often compared to a garden that the image might be expected to be wearing a little thin by now. Yet there was a time—and not so very long ago—when it was the hibernating ground of just a few confirmed valetudinarians, who croaked its charms to one another across London drawing-rooms during the summer months.

MADEIRA: The Cunard White Star giant, *Homeric*, at anchor in the harbour at Funchal

You arrive off Funchal Bay, and your first impression is that it is about as much as the town can do not to be buried under the mass of flowers and foliage in which it is set. This feeling of profligacy—of Nature almost getting out of hand—prevails all the time you are there. A motor drive will reveal one fantastic landscape after another—strange, twisted mountain shapes and deep ravines, with a brilliance of gold and green in the sunlight and a depth of purple in the shadow that one had previously supposed was only to be seen in picture post-cards.

Approaching the Canaries in clear weather the peak of Teneriffe is visible from as far away as a hundred miles, and at Santa Cruz there are a number of interesting excursions to be taken. The guide books deal faithfully with them all, but one that the writer recalls as having been particularly enjoyable is to the beautiful pine forest of La Mina.

SANTA CRUZ: A distant view of the chief port of Teneriffe taken from the slopes behind the town

At Las Palmas you have a little town of flat-roofed houses dominated by a baroque cathedral. It can be a very dusty town in the warmer months, but there are interesting things to see on the island, such as cave dwellings at Atalaya, and the vast crater, over a mile across and a thousand feet deep, of a (presumably!) extinct volcano, the Gran Caldera de Bandama, at the bottom of which lives a farmer with a flourishing vineyard.

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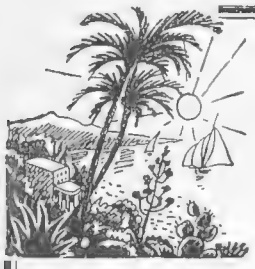

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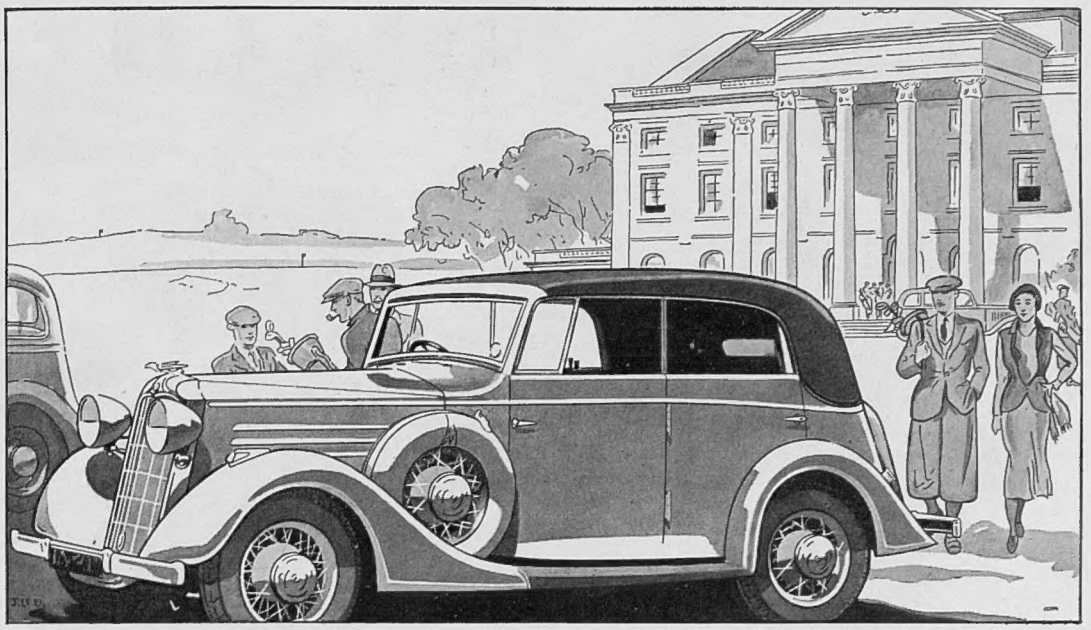

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MAY 4 ISSUE (TWO SHILLINGS)

This Number, which will be superb from cover to cover, with a quantity of colour, will deal with their Majesties in person, showing what their beneficent reign has done for the Nation. The issue of May 4, will deal chiefly with the personalities of our Great King and Queen. It will not be in a sense a history of the twenty-five years' reign, but will show how much the Royal House means to the loyal subjects of the Crown.

In addition, all the preliminaries of the Jubilee Celebrations will be dealt with *in-extenso*. The chief participants, the preparations and the staging of the great events will be illustrated, in colour and in monochrome, so that the Number will form an admirable guide to the pomp and splendour of the following week.

MAY 11 ISSUE (TWO SHILLINGS) COVERING ACTUAL CEREMONIES

The issue will contain all the best illustrations of the actual ceremonies dealing with the Silver Jubilee, in such a way that even those who are unable to witness them will be almost able to feel that they were present in person.

The processional ride of their Majesties and the ceremony in St. Paul's will be presented in a specially spacious way.

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This will not be in any way a retrospective number; it will be of an entirely topical character and will be one that everyone who rejoices with us in the fortunate completion of their Majesties' twenty-five years of unremitting efforts for the good of their Country, must procure and keep as a memento of the great occasion.

P. 319

THE SPHERE MAY 4 (TWO SHILLINGS)

The issue of "The SPHERE" for May 4th (the Saturday preceding the actual day of celebration, Monday, May 6), will take the form of a record of the King's reign from May 6, 1910 (the day of his accession) to the present day.

The chief feature of this issue will be a personal narrative from the very able pen of one who has shared in many of the great incidents of the reign. It will appear under the title of "Twenty-five Years a King" and will be copiously illustrated from all available sources. Many of the events have been pictured by Mr. F. Matania, R.I., "The SPHERE'S" leading black and white artist, and a study of the wealth of material which the Editor is preparing reveals the fact that this record should prove a veritable cavalcade of pictorial splendour,

Many of the outstanding events will be pictured in full colours. Portrait painters of note will contribute studies of the King and Queen with scenes in the Royal residences. A special separate plate-portrait of His Majesty will be included.

MAY 11 (TWO SHILLINGS)

Every preparation is being made to make "The SPHERE" of May 11 a splendid, almost a living picture of the events in celebration of the Silver Jubilee of the King's reign.

This issue will form a record of the actual ceremonies, Royal and Civic, with which the wonder week of May will be marked. The foremost black and white artist of the day, MR. F. MATANIA, R.I., will picture a number of the main incidents, and will be supported by a band of distinguished artists specially selected and commissioned for this issue.

All the pictures will have actuality quality which have distinguished "THE SPHERE" in past years, and which will undoubtedly give this issue its special value as an historic document.

Special subjects will be reproduced in colour and the whole will be bound within a cover of exceptional artistry, designed by Millar Watt. It will convey in decorative form the sense of timeliness which lies within and will be a worthy addition to the family treasures.

SPORTING AND DRAMATIC MAY 3 (TWO SHILLINGS)

The Special Royal Jubilee Number of "The Illustrated Sporting & Dramatic News" will contain a complete pictorial and literary record of His Majesty's life as a sportsman, His career and achievements as a shot, yachtsman, race-horse owner, dog-breeder and farmer will be dealt with in detail by recognised authorities.

Lieut.-Col. Cyril Foley will describe His Majesty's brilliant career as one of the best shots in the world.

Major B. Heckstall Smith, recognised as a world-wide authority on yachting, writes with first-hand knowledge of the King's many successes with "Britannia," aboard which Major Heckstall Smith has sailed on many occasions.

The royal stables and bloodstock will be described by Mr. Cecil Leveson-Gower.

His Majesty's gundogs will be specially illustrated, and described by our Kennel Editor, Mr. A. Croxton Smith. A special set of photographs, for which royal permission was obtained, will be given.

In addition the issue will contain a number of beautiful coloured plates, some hitherto unpublished, showing the King shooting, yachting and racing.

It is confidently predicted that this issue will constitute the most complete and beautifully illustrated record of His Majesty's career as a sportsman yet published.

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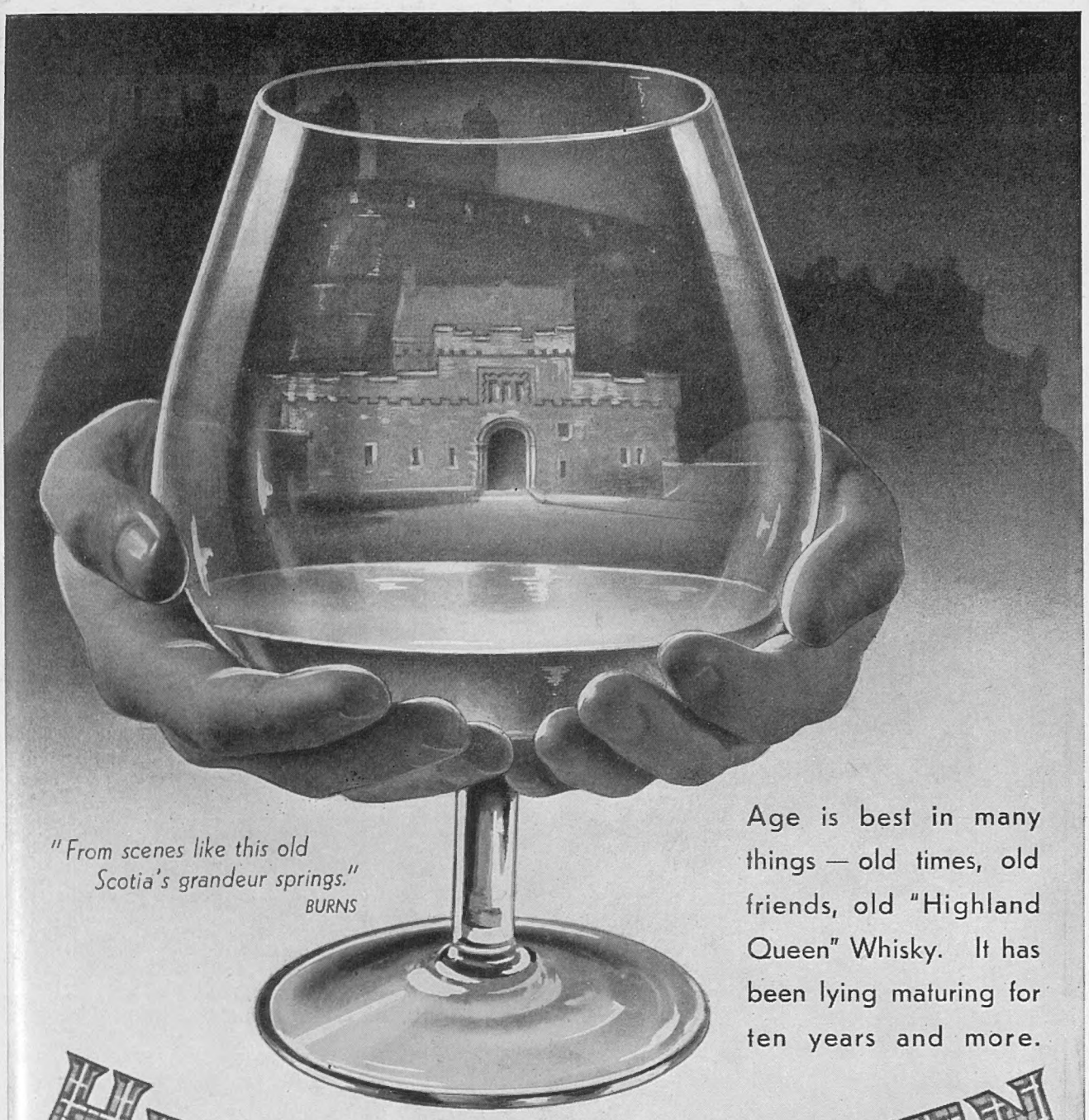

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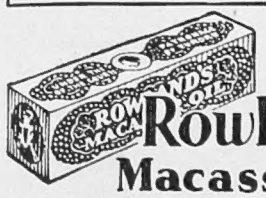

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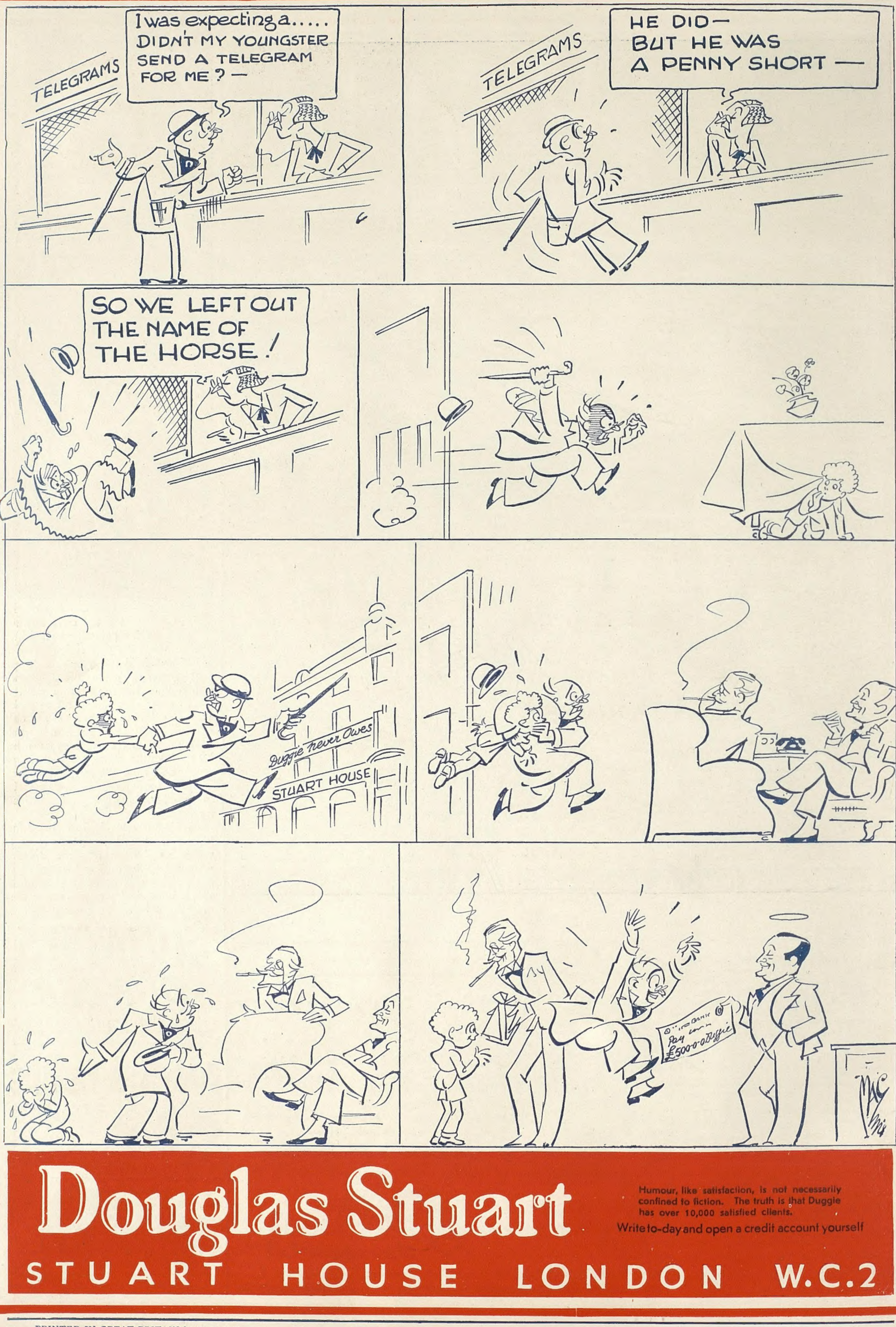

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